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*L A S S E L I A :*  
O R, T H E  
*S E L F - A B A N D O N ' D .*  
A  
*N O V E L .*

---

*Written by Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.*

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*Love various Minds does variously inspire ;  
He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fire,  
Like that of Incense on the Altars laid ;  
But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade :  
A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows,  
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.*

DRYDEN.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N ;

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CLASSICAL

OR THE

GREEK-ABANDONED

NOVEL

Written by ALAN HAYWOOD

I am not a classical scholar, but I am a Greek-  
lover, and I have written this novel for the  
purpose of showing to the world that the  
Greek language is not dead, but still  
alive and well, and that it is still  
capable of being used in a modern  
and interesting way.



Printed for D. Brown, at the Black-Swan with  
the White Horse, at the Sign of the  
Three Kings, in the Strand.





TO THE  
Right Honourable the  
Earl of SUFFOLK and  
BONDON,

My LORD,



*W*HEN I presume to  
entreat your Protec-  
tion of a Trifle such  
as this, I do more to  
express my Sense of  
your unbounded Goodness, than if  
I were to publish Folio's in your  
Praise. A great and learned  
Work honours the Patron who ac-  
cepts it, but little Performances  
stand in need of all that Sweetness  
of Disposition so conspicuous in the  
Beha-

*Behaviour and Character of your Lordship, to engage a Pardon. 'Tis to be something of a piece with Heaven, to regard the Will more than the Merit of the Offering; and my Knowledge how zealous an Imitator you are in all Things else of that, gives me an almost assur'd Hope you will not swerve in this, only to punish my Presumption.*

*My Design in writing this little Novel (as well as those I have formerly publish'd) being only to remind the unthinking Part of the World, how dangerous it is to give way to Passion, will, I hope, excuse the too great Warmth, which may perhaps, appear in some particular Pages; for without the Expression being invigorated in some measure proportionate to the Subject, 'twou'd be impossible for a Reader to be sensible how far it touches*

touches him, or how probable it is that he is falling into those Inadvertencies which the Examples I relate wou'd caution him to avoid.

I take the liberty of mentioning this to your Lordship, to clear my self of that Aspersi<sup>o</sup>n which some of my own Sex have been unkind enough to throw upon me, that "I seem to endeavour to divert  
" more than improve the Minds  
" of my Readers." Now, as I take it, the Aim of every Person, who pretends to write (tho' in the most insignificant and ludicrous way) ought to tend at least to a good Moral Use; I shou'd be sorry to have my Intentions judg'd to be the very reverse of what they are in Reality. How far I have been able to succeed in my Desires of infusing those Cautions, too necessary to a Number, I will not pretend to determine: but where I have had the Misfortune to fail,  
must



*must impute it either to the Obstinacy of those I wou'd persuade, or to my own Deficiency in that very Thing which They are pleased to say I too much abound in-- a true Description of Nature.*

*But I will give your Lordship no farther trouble than what proceeds from Gratitude; and with entreating you to accept my humblest Acknowledgments for all the unmerited Favours I have received, conclude,*

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,*

*Most Faithful, and*

*Obedient Servant,*

**ELIZA HAYWOOD.**





*LASSELIA:*  
OR,  
The SELF-ABANDON'D.  
A  
NOVEL.



EVER was a Court more resplendent with Beautys, than that of *France*, in the Reign of their late Monarch *Lewis XIV.* That Prince, in spite of his Ambition, found room for Love, nor could the incessant Hurry of his other Affairs deprive him of the Pleasures of Gallantry. He was for ever engag'd in some Amour: one Desire no sooner sicken'd, than another kindled in his Soul. But of all that had the power to charm him, none ever maintain'd a more absolute Dominion, than *Madam de Montespan*; and

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if

if it was not so lasting as that of the celebrated *Maintenon*, yet for the time it held, it was as strong. In the House, and under the care of this great Lady, did the lovely *Lasselia* receive her Education; who being her Neice, and extremely belov'd by her, 'tis not to be doubted but that she had all those Advantages and Improvements, which are necessary to accomplish a Maid of Quality for Conversations such as were suitable to her Character.

THE Mistresses of Kings are not consider'd in the same view with those of private Men: the Interest every one had in making their Court to *Madam de Montespan*, and the perpetual resort of the best Company to her House, gave our *Lasselia*, as she grew up, Opportunities of improving herself, which she could have found in no other place: and those Advantages, join'd to a natural Genius of her own, much more sublime than is ordinarily observed in Persons of her Sex, especially at such an Age, made her Behaviour surprizing to those of riper Years; grey Hairs would listen to her Talk with pleasure, the Delicacy of her Notions was such, that the Wisest would acknowledge themselves edify'd by her Conversation—But if the grave Part of the World were charm'd with her Wit and Discretion, the Young and Gay were infinitely more so with her Beauty; which tho it was not of that dazzling kind which strikes the Eye at first looking on it with Desire and Wonder, yet it was such as seldom fail'd of captivating Hearts the most  
averse

## *The Self-Abandon'd.* 3

averse to Love. Her Features were perfectly regular, her Eyes had an uncommon Vivacity in them, mix'd with a Sweetness, which spoke the Temper of her Soul; her Mein was gracefully easy, and her Shape the most exquisite that could be: in fine, her Charms increas'd by being often seen, every View discover'd something new to be admir'd; and tho they were of that sort which more properly may be said to persuade, than command Adoration, yet they persuaded it in such a manner, that no Mortal was able to resist their Force——And, indeed, when Passion enters the Soul by such gentle and unperceiv'd Degrees, it generally takes a surer hold, and is with much less ease extirpated, than when it rushes all at once upon us, and boldly tells us that we must obey.

*LASSELLIA* being such, and infinitely more agreeable than I have power to represent her, 'tis easy to believe she was not without a very great Number of Adorers: Both her Parents being dead, *Madam de Montespan* was never at rest for the Sollicitations of those whom the Perfections of her beautiful Neice had attracted to desire her in Marriage: but that Lady having Affairs enough of her own to manage, troubled not herself much about it; and had *Lassellia* been inclinable to alter her Condition, whether to her Advantage or not, 'tis probable the other, in spite of the Kindness she had for her, would not have taken much pains either to have forwarded or prevented it.



THE young, and as yet insensible Subject of this little History, thought herself happy in this Disposition of her Aunt, which gave her so much the liberty of acting as she pleas'd; for finding in herself rather an Aversion to Marriage, than any Inclination to it, nothing could have been so shocking to the Humility and Sweetness of her Disposition, as to have found herself oblig'd, either to have yielded to enter into a State, which, in the Humour she was at present, must have made her wretched; or, by refusing, incur the Displeasure of a Lady, who she consider'd as a Parent, and for whom she had the greatest Esteem, and tenderest Regard.

THUS charming, and uncharm'd, did she pass her Days in the most perfect Tranquillity that cou'd be; no austere Parent, or Guardian, to over-awe Aversion, and force her to receive with Smiles the Man she hated—No Hopes, no Fears, Suspence, Perplexity, nor racking Jealousies, disturb'd her Peace of Mind—she knew no Wish beyond what she enjoy'd—and if she thought of Love at all, it was but to wonder at the Influence she saw it have on others. Among the Numbers that address'd her, there was not one whose *Absence* cou'd give her a moment's Pain, tho' several whose *Presence* pleas'd; but then it was only such a kind of Pleasure as might have flow'd from the Conversation of one of her own Sex, equally qualified with good Sense and Compliance—a cold Respect, or, at most, a bare



## *The Self-Abandon'd.* 5

bare liking of their Company, was all that the most favour'd could boast of from her; nor did she once imagine she should ever be brought to entertain any other Notions of that uneasy Passion, than what she was at present possess'd of—that it was all *Chimera*; and that those who seem'd most fatally sway'd by it, had only so long *affected* to be mad, that at last they grew so in *Reality*.

'TIS possible, indeed, she never might have chang'd her Sentiments, had she continued in *Paris*, where she had already seen every body worthy her Consideration, without confessing herself the least susceptible of what so many had endeavoured to inspire: But an unexpected Turn happening in her Affairs, brought her to a different Scene of Observation, and convinc'd her how little, in spite of her fine Sense, she knew the true Disposition of her own Heart.

THE King coming one day to visit *Madam de Montespan*, and hearing she was laid down to Repose, contented himself with passing an Hour or two in Talk with her fair Neice, designing no more than to divert himself till the other shou'd awake; but he was so infinitely pleas'd and surpriz'd with the Charms of her Conversation, having never till that time had the Opportunity of entertaining her alone, that he cou'd have wish'd a longer Continuance of it.

HE was but just beginning to let her know the Satisfaction this Interview had  
given

given him, when he was prevented from saying more by the coming of *Madam de Montespan*. 'Tis probable her Presence never had been so unwelcome before, and he testified the Chagrin he conceiv'd at it, by a tender Pressure of the young *Lasselia's* Hand, as she withdrew, telling him she left his Majesty to a Conversation more worthy of entertaining him. As artless as she was, and as indifferent an Opinion as she had of Love, she easily perceiv'd she had inspir'd him with that Desire which bears the Name of it, and was so far from being proud of her Power, that it gave her a very great Uneasiness; she foresaw a world of Difficulties wou'd attend the Conquest of this Royal Slave, and heartily wish'd that what he had said to her, might prove to be only the Effect of an unmeaning Gallantry, and forgot as soon as spoke. But, alas! her Charms had made a much deeper Impression on the Heart of this amorous Monarch, than she desired they should; the very next Day confirm'd her Knowledge of it—Happening to meet her in a Gallery as she was passing thro' to visit some Ladies in the Palace, he stopp'd her, and made so passionate a Declaration to her, that she stood in need of all her Wit to answer him in Terms which shou'd neither affront the Offers he made, nor encourage him to repeat them: But tho' her Replies to all he said, were full of Respect and Gratitude for the Consideration he seem'd to have of her, yet she maintain'd that cool Reserve, that Majesty of Modesty, which all Women, tho' in the lowest Rank of Life,

owe

owe so much to themselves to wear even to the highest, when their Virtue is assaulted; that it might have dash'd a Lover less accustomed to Success. But he was so well acquainted with the Ambition that most Women have of being the Favourite of a King, that he consider'd her Refusals only as the Result of what she might fear from the Indignation of her Aunt *Madam de Montespan*, and therefore sent *Monsieur le Brosse*, one who at that time was Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, to let her know, That, if she pleas'd, she had it in her power to be greater than the Person she at present had a Dependance on, and to make her an Offer of a very fine Castle near the River *Sein* for her residence. *Lasselia* was more concern'd than can be well express'd when this Message was deliver'd to her, and conjur'd him that brought it to return some Answer, in what manner she did not care, so it were such as would cut off all room to believe she ever could be prevail'd on to do any thing which might deserve such Bounties—Let the King, *said she*, think me imprudent, or unwise, his Opinion, nay, his Indignation, cannot give me more Chagrin, than does his Affection. It was in vain that the *Confidante* represented to her the Advantages there were in being Mistress to a King, she was not to be mov'd, nor had Grandeur any Charms when it was to be purchas'd at a Rate so dear as loss of Virtue: and he found himself oblig'd to return without being able to gain any thing from her, which might make his Master satisfy'd with his Negotiation.

BUT



BUT all this could not pass without the Observation of *Madam de Montespan*; she had taken notice in what manner the King had look'd, when he took leave of her Neice that Day she had entertain'd him in her Absence—She had her Spies which had inform'd her of his talking to her in the Gallery—and the coming of *le Brosse* to her House, and the private Conversation they had together, sufficiently confirm'd her, she had a Rival in her Neice, and fir'd her jealous Soul with an inexpressible Indignation—She upbraided the innocent *Lasselia* with Falshood and Ingratitude, and vow'd a Vengeance suitable to the Cause; and it was to no purpose for a long time, that the other endeavour'd to clear herself from these Aspersions. Rage is always deaf. This Misfortune, as it was unforeseen, was the more terrible to be borne; nor is it to be wonder'd at, that she should be prodigiously alarm'd at what so nearly touch'd her Interest, and was so shocking to her Pride, to find the Power she had so long maintain'd over the Heart of one of the greatest Monarchs in the World, in such an imminent danger of being near an end; and to owe her Downfall to one of her own House, of her own Blood, and one who she herself had taken care to adorn with all those Accomplishments which had attracted Admiration, was such an Aggravation to her Discontent, as Words would but poorly represent.

ALL the Assurances that *Lasselia* gave her, that she would die rather than yield to injure



## *The Self-Abandon'd.* 9

Injure her in the least, and the Detestation she express'd at the thoughts of such an Action, was not sufficient to pacify her—She could scarce believe, there was a Possibility of for ever resisting the Addresses of a Monarch so every way agreeable, as all that knew him confess'd him to be—But if there were, the *Attempt* was enough; her haughty Soul could ill endure the sight of one who was thought more lovely than herself, and who had it in her power to make her unhappy, if she pleas'd—But how to get rid of her, she could not tell; if she put her out of her House, she consider'd, that it would but give her the more opportunity of being seen by the King, and receiving Proofs of his Passion; which, while she continu'd with her, he had still too much Respect publicly to avow. While she was in this Dilemma, the generous *Lasselia* perceiving her Discontent, and very much disquieted herself at the continued Sollicitations of a Monarch, whose Passion for many Reasons was no way pleasing to her, thought of a way to ease at once both her own and her Aunt's Uneasiness: And, desiring leave to wait on her in her Chamber, (for the other, of late, not well able to brook her Presence, had deny'd her that Privilege) approach'd her with these Words: Madam, *said she*, as I am the innocent Cause of your Chagrin, I come now to implore your Permission, to ease you of the sight of a Person who I am very sensible you no longer can behold with Satisfaction—The many Favours I have receiv'd in your House, would make me quit it with the utmost Concern:

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but

TO LASSELIA: or,

but when I consider, that your Goodness in suffering my continuance in it, renders you uneasy, I can do no less, in Gratitude, than remove——I entreat therefore, *added she, after a little Pause,* that I may depart: and since I have offended, tho against my Will, the only thing I can do to contribute to your Peace, is, to take away the Cause; and by this *voluntary* Doom I pass on myself, may have hope you will pardon a Crime which is *involuntary*. And where, *cry'd Madam de Montepan hastily, (imagining perhaps her Intentions were very different from what they were)* where would you go? Far enough, *reply'd the other,* from any Place that may give you Apprehensions that I mean any otherwise, than to make you easy——You know I had a very great Intimacy with *Mademoiselle Valier*, she is now retir'd into the Country with her Husband, and I only stay for your Permission to go to her; she will be glad of my Company, and I can tarry there till those slight Impressions I have made on a Heart which ought only to be yours, are erased—I will not return till your Commands shall call me—or, if you please, my Banishment from you, and *Paris*, shall be eternal. How! *Lasselia, interrupted her Aunt, (with an Air which at once express'd Astonishment and Joy)* are you in earnest? Can you for no other Motive than my Repose, be content to bury any part of your Time in a Solitude so remote from all those Gaieties your Youth has been accusom'd to? Not only Part, *resum'd she,* but All—Nay, my very Life, to do you service, and to convince you  
how

## *The Self-Abandon'd.* II

how little Share I have had in contributing to disturb you. 'Tis kind indeed, said *Madam de Montespan*, and I must confess you generous and grateful, beyond my Expectations; but I should give you but small reason to have the same Opinion of me, should I suffer you to do what you have offer'd—No, pursued *she with a Sigh*, I never will be outdone in Good-nature, you shall still stay with me; tho your fatal Beauty, like a Basilisk, murders my Quiet, and destroys my Hopes, we will not part—I am now convinc'd of your Sincerity, and till some Change in your Affairs makes it your Interest to leave me, I will run all Hazards rather than turn you hence. The Voice with which she pronounc'd these Words, made the discerning *Lasselia* easily perceive she wish'd not as she said; and repeating her Request, and assuring her with a great deal of Truth, that she desir'd nothing more than to be remov'd from the Persecutions she was every day liable to from those Emissaries the King had employ'd, won her to afford a well-pleas'd Assent. After having concluded on her going, they began to think that Distance would be so far from a Protection from those Disturbances she would avoid, that being in any other House than that of *Madam de Montespan*, would rather give an Opportunity for them; they both determin'd that the Place of her Retirement should be kept a Secret, and to that end a Coach, and only one Servant to attend it, was order'd to be got ready at Midnight; and when all the Family were drown'd in Sleep, the willing Exile



began her Journey, with this Satisfaction in her own Mind, that she eas'd another's of a Load of Care.

IT was but to *Collumiers*, a small Village about seven Leagues from *Paris*, that she went, and she reached there a little after Day-break. *Madamoiselle de Valier*, and her Husband, receiv'd her with all the Demonstrations of Joy imaginable, tho' infinitely surpriz'd at so unexpected a Visit: She was perfectly well acquainted with their Secrecy and Discretion, and therefore made no Scruple of revealing the Cause which had induc'd her to come in that manner: and if before they had a very tender regard for her, it was now prodigiously encreased by their Admiration of her Virtue.

SHE liv'd with them for some time in all the Contentments imaginable—She partook in all the rural Diversions of the Place; and having her mind once more at ease, made one in all the little Assemblies that were form'd by the Gentry thereabouts. In spite of the distance from any great City, she found no want of Company; the Conversation of *Madamoiselle de Valier* was very engaging at home; and whenever she had an Inclination to go abroad, the House of *Monsieur de l'Amye* was not above a Bow-shot off; there she was always certain to meet good Company: for that Gentleman having been gone some time to *Paris*, in order to settle some Affairs, and take possession of an Estate lately left him by his Father; his Wife endeavour'd



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deavour'd to compensate for his Absence, by making Entertainments for all those who had any pretence to Wit, of which she was a great Admirer—This Lady grew exceeding fond of *Lasselia* in a short time, nor was the other behind-hand in Acknowledgments for the Kindness she receiv'd from her—Thus every thing was easy, every thing was gay at *Collumiers*, while the still discontented *Montespan* languish'd at *Paris* in continual Disquiets, and restless Perplexities; she found the Absence of her Neice had added but little to her Endeavours of retrieving the estrang'd Affections of the inconstant King—He was all Fury when first the News was brought him that *Lasselia* had left the Town, and appear'd dissatisfied that her Aunt pretended ignorance of the Cause—This Disgust, by little and little, encreasing, and heighten'd by her Jealousies, which she had not always Prudence enough to conceal, at last converted into a mortal Hatred; and this great Favourite saw herself reduc'd to a Condition pityable by those who envy'd her before: so uncertain is a Happiness founded on Passion, and depending on the still wavering, ever-changing Vows of faithless Man!

THE Felicity that *Lasselia* all this while enjoy'd, was of another, and more durable Nature than that which Love, even at the best, affords; her Pleasures were unmix'd and pure, nor did she so much as dream there was a Day of Woe in store, which shou'd make her in vain look back, and wish for past Tranquillity: But now the time was  
come,

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come, when her Indifference and boasted Peace of Mind, were to be no more: Happening to be at Madam de l'Amye's at Ombre one Evening, accompany'd by Monsieur de Valier, and his Lady, their Diversion was on a sudden interrupted by a Servant running hastily into the Room, telling them his Master and two other Gentlemen were alited at the Gate. 'Tis not to be doubted but that the Cards were immediately thrown aside, and every body rose to receive them. The Welcome which Madam de l'Amye gave her long absent Husband, was such as was suitable to his great Merit, and long Absence; and the Returns he made, apologiz'd for the most violent Transport she cou'd have express'd: but these mutual Tender-nesses were but of a short Continuance; the Husband after having saluted all those whom he found in Company with his Wife, with all the Complaisance and Gaiety imaginable, just as he came to *Lasselia*, three Drops of Blood fell from his Nose, which stain'd a white Handkerchief she happen'd to have in her Hand. This Accident occasion'd a good deal of pleasant Raillery; Monsieur de Valier told him, that had he been unmarried, this would have pass'd for an Omen of a future Union between him and the young Lady. Mademoiselle his Wife, and the two Gentlemen who had accompany'd de l'Amye, made themselves merry for a good while on this occasion; but the Jest was not so agreeable to Mademoiselle de l'Amye as they, perhaps, imagined; being naturally pretty much addicted to Jealousy, these kind of Discourses gave

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gave her an Uneasiness which she was not able to disguise. Her Looks confess'd it, and her whole Behaviour was in a moment so alter'd, that not a Person in the Company but perceiv'd it, and guess'd at the Cause. *De Valier* having been but a late Acquaintance, and till now entirely ignorant of her Temper, was heartily vexed at what he had said, and endeavour'd, by a thousand Compliments, to restore her to her former Good-humour; but the Poison had too great an Influence to be easily expell'd, she knew her Husband to be of a Disposition amorous enough, and the Charms of *Lasselia* were too prevailing, not to make her think there was a Probability, that what had been spoke in *Raillery*, might one Day prove too true in *Earnest*, she fell into so deep a *Resvery*, and appear'd so much dissatisfy'd when any thing was offer'd to rouse her from it, that Monsieur and Mademoiselle *de Valier* thought it high time to take leave of her. *Lasselia* being only introduc'd by them, cou'd not do it without the Proposal being first made by them, but was extremely glad of the Motion, and from that moment resolv'd never to make a Visit there again. When they came home, nothing was talk'd of but the *Foibles* of Madam, who had expos'd her Ill-humour for so trivial a Cause. Mademoiselle *de Valier* laugh'd heartily at it, but *Lasselia* had Reflections more grave; she was a little inclin'd to Superstition, and cou'd not forbear thinking the bleeding of *de l'Amye*, just as he approach'd her, was a Presage of something extraordinary :



## 16 LASSELIA: or,

nary : Besides, she imagin'd something within her bade her beware, nor trust her Eyes to gaze on this dangerous Charmer. The Disorder she was in when he first enter'd the Room, wou'd have been visible to the Company, had any of them been at leisure to regard it ; and the Flutter which still continued on her Spirits, confirm'd her, that the sight of him had wrought an Effect on her she had never felt before : but as she was Mistress of a vast deal of fine Reasoning, she exerted it all in examining from what Source these Disorders proceeded ; loth she was to think she was falling into a Passion she had so long ridicul'd——and lother to imagine it was for a Man for whom it was neither consistent with Virtue, nor Discretion, to indulge it——Is it impossible, *said she to herself*, that the seeing a Person so every way agreeable as *de l'Amie* cou'd give me Shocks such as, one wou'd think, cou'd only be inflicted by the Appearance of some horrid Spectre, some frightful Enemy to Nature !——What is there either in his Person or Behaviour to terrify ?——Is not all about him lovely and engaging ?——Oh ! yes (*cry'd she after a little Pause*) I ne'er before beheld a Form so perfectly compleat, a Shape so exquisite, Eyes so bewitching, an Air so soft, so charming, and, I too well remember, the fond Endearments he paid to Madam, first struck my Soul with that chill Horror, which ever since remains. Had he been in the same Circumstances with his two Companions, and receiv'd no other Welcome from that happy Woman, it would have been with Satisfaction alone I shou'd have

have regarded him——But, Oh! (*continued she, bursting into Tears, which it was impossible for her to restrain*) he is marry'd, and 'tis *Madam de l'Amye* only who can look on him without Confusion, such as I endure. By these kind of Arguments she was at last convinc'd, how fatal an Enemy to Repose, the sight of an Object too amiable may prove; but tho she resolv'd not to give way to an Impression so pernicious, she found it impossible to erase it; she was still thinking how happy she might have been if *de l'Amye* were unmarried, and how willingly she cou'd submit to be a Wife, if just such another Man were to be found. In this manner would she sooth Imagination for a while; but then a sudden return of those uneasy Tremblings which, at first sight of him, possess'd her, would put an end to those pleasing Amusements, and she wou'd start like one in a Frenzy, and cry out, Oh! it was not for nothing that those ominous Drops of Blood fell from him on my Handkerchief!——It was not for nothing I was seiz'd with such an unusual Horror!——Nor is it in vain that my Soul shrinks, and seems to dread a second Interview!——They are all, I fear, too sure Predictions of some fatal Consequence. Then when she had a little yielded to these disturb'd Emotions, as if ashamed of the Weakness she had been guilty of, wou'd she summon up all her Resolution, and endeavour to overcome those Terrors. Yet what, (*resum'd she*) what can happen worthy of my Fears!——What Power has one, so much a Stranger as *de l'Amye*, to injure me?——Perhaps I ne'er may see him more; or if I shou'd, where wou'd be the

Danger? Thus did she torment herself when ever she was alone; and, in Company, appear'd the most alter'd in her Behaviour that ever was: all Diversions grew tasteless to her, and those Gaieties of Conversation which, in her Days of Indifference, she had the greatest Relish for, were now strip'd of all their *Agreeable*, and became rather *teazing*, than any way *delightful*. Nor is this at all to be wonder'd at; whoever has known any thing of Love, will easily confess, that that Passion brings with it a consequential Train of Images, sufficient to fill the most extensive Soul, and too strong to suffer any Intermixture of Opposers.

THIS Change of Humour was too visible, not to be taken notice of by all that knew her: *Mademoiselle de Valier* was extremely troubled at it, and, imagining it proceeded from her living in a Retirement she had not been accustom'd to, was fearful she was falling into a Melancholy, which might be dangerous; and therefore endeavour'd to divert her by all the Means her Good-humour and Friendship cou'd invent. The other, tho' Company was grown painful, and Solitude the only thing she coveted, yet cou'd not be so rude and disobliging as to refuse the kind Invitations made her, on purpose to drive away those Vapours with which she seem'd to be overwhelm'd.

ONE of those Scenes of Gaiety, to which the Wife of *Valier* wou'd needs oblige *Lasselia* to go, was to a Wedding which was to be solemniz'd at the House of a Relation of her's, some Miles distant from that in which they  
liv'd—



liv'd——The Nuptials were celebrated with a great deal of Magnificence, all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country, for many Leagues round, being invited: Amongst the Number was Monsieur and Madam *de l' Amye*. This was the second Time *Lasselia* had ever seen him; but if she was not altogether so painfully alarm'd as at the first, she felt enough to make her know she was agitated with Emotions, the Catastrophe of which she had good cause to dread. She cou'd not forbear, however, indulging the sweet Anxiety his *Presence* gave, tho certain to condemn herself for it in his *Absence*: She examin'd each particular Charm which shone about his Form—She listen'd to every Word he spoke—Stretch'd wide each Faculty of her Soul, to take the whole of his Perfections in, till she became quite ravish'd in Contemplation——

THEY happen'd to dance together; and the easy and graceful Manner in which he entreated her to be his Partner, his fine Address, and the Sprightliness of Conversation with which he entertain'd her, added to that Admiration she before had been but too sensibly touch'd with for him.

AFTER this, she had frequent Opportunities of seeing him; Madam *de l' Amye* and *de Valier* having, at this Wedding, renew'd that Intimacy which they formerly had together, and which that little Pique Monsieur *de Valier's* Words occasion'd, had for a time suspended, the two Families were seldom asunder—*Lasselia* was always one among them, nor did she any longer seem desirous of Solitude: The Pleasure

she took in the Company of *de l'Amie* was too great to be resisted, nor did she any more make herself uneasy at those Shocks which, every now and then, endeavour'd to check the Transports she indulg'd—She thought it enough that she restrain'd her Wishes within the Bounds of Modesty ; and perceiving not the least reason to imagine, by his Behaviour, that he would ever tempt her to transgress them, believ'd she might, without a Crime, indulge herself in those Felicities which at present appear'd so innocent—Thus borne away with a Tide of Delight, which still increas'd from a nearer Conversation with him, all the Warnings of her good Genius were hush'd, and her whole Soul was overwhelm'd with Passion—Hence follow'd wild Desires !——Tumultuous Emotions !——The God of Love exerted his utmost Force, and prov'd how impossible it is, when once a Heart has given him Entrance, ever to expel him thence—But this she was not yet acquainted with, nor knew the Danger she was in ; and tho the greatest Security she cou'd have for her Honour, was the Insensibility *de l'Amie* seem'd to have of her Charms, yet she cou'd not forbear wishing he were otherwise—And would frequently sooth Imagination with a Belief he lov'd her : and in giving way to these destructive Tenderesses, *Fancy* took the Part of *Passion*, and in Dreams, wou'd represent him to her, dissolving, melting in amorous Languishments—Nor were her *sleeping* Thoughts the only ones that err'd this way ; *waking*, the Charmer was ever in her View ; she talk'd to him, form'd Answers such as 'twas probable he might in reality have made, had he been present—

sent——Nay, wrap'd in the extatick Contem-  
 plation, went so far sometimes (as she after-  
 wards confess'd) as to kiss, embrace, and pos-  
 sess, in *Idea*, a thousand nameless Joys, which  
 Love too soon inspires a Notion of: but these  
 Excesses we'll suppose she permitted only, when  
 she found there was a Necessity by chearing her  
 languid Spirits with an *imaginary Bliss*, to  
 preserve her from falling into a *real Despair*:  
 'tis certain that at her guarded Hours, Ho-  
 nour was her chiefest Aim; nor wou'd she  
 have wish'd to have been belov'd by *de l'Amye*,  
 had she not thought herself sure of con-  
 tinuing Mistress of her Resolution——But,  
 alas! how little do they know the Hazard  
 they run, who depend on their own Strength  
 alone for Protection. Love is a subtle, and a  
 watchful Deceiver, and directs the Votary he  
 designs to bless, to make the Attack when  
 the *Fair* is least capable of Resistance. It was  
 in one of those longing, wishing Moments, al-  
 ready mentioned, when the amorous *Lasselia*  
 extended at her length on a fine grassy Bank,  
 canopy'd o'er with shading Jessamins, and  
 spreading Vines, was told a Messenger waited  
 with a Letter, which, by no means, he wou'd  
 deliver into any hand but her own: She was  
 unwilling to quit the sweet Retirement she  
 was in, and carelessly order'd the Person  
 shou'd come to her, imagining it was some  
 body sent from *Madam de Montespan*, and gave  
 herself but little Concern what the Mandate  
 might contain: But when she received it from  
 the Messenger, who seem'd to be a Country-  
 Fellow, and knew the Hand to be *de l'Amye's*,  
 which she had often seen before in Songs and  
 little



little Pieces of Poetry ; what Tongue can express the Surprize she was in !—She could not imagine on what occasion he shou'd write to her, and was once or twice about to return it unopened to the Hand that brought it ; but her ill Fate repell'd those Dictates of her Guardian Angel, and confus'd and trembling, now blushing with Shame, then pale with Fear, she broke the fatal Seal, and read these Lines.

To the Divine *L A S S E L I A*.

**H**EAVEN, Love, and the more powerful Charms of the adorable Lasselia, are not to be withstood ! long have I struggled with a Passion which is not the less unvanquishable, because it is hopeless ; but, like Oil pour'd on Flames, all my Endeavours serve but to make the aspiring Blaze more violent, and now 'tis grown as impossible to be conceal'd, as it is to be overcome—I burn, consume, and die, in inward Agonies—Pardon this Declaration—the World, alas !—the prying, judging World—will soon discover the Secret in my alter'd Looks ; but a Day more, perhaps, and I shou'd have been reported Lasselia's Slave, before Lasselia's self had known it—and I wou'd not, methinks, have you, who caus'd, the last, to pity what I feel—I am persuaded there is a Stock of Mercy in your Soul, that, whether you will or no, will induce you to compassionate a Despair which the wretched Circumstance I am in forbids me to hope you will relieve—But whatever Sentence you are pleas'd to inflict on me, let me from your own Mouth receive it, and I shall never repent that I am ordain'd,

Your Everlasting Adorer,

De'l' Amye.

IT

I T wou'd have been impossible for *Lasselia*, had she endeavour'd it, to conceal the swift Vicissitudes of her rolling Thoughts while reading; alternate Joy and Shame, Surprise and Fear, and sometimes a Start of virtuous Pride and Indignation, sparkled in her Eyes——a thousand different Passions succeeded one another in their turns——all too fierce to be restrain'd, and too sudden to admit Disguise. But, alas! she took no care to do it; she suspected not that she had a dangerous Observer in the Person who deliver'd her the Letter; nor 'tis possible, in the Confusion she was in, remember'd any body was near her——Again she attempted to read over the dear surprizing Lines, but had not power; the strange Disorder of her fluttering Heart, depriving the Blood of its usual Circulation, all her Limbs forgot their Function, and she sunk fainting on the Bank, in much the same Posture she was in before she had rais'd herself a little to take the Letter. How much wou'd such a Sight have transported *de l'Amie*!—How much did it transport him! for it was no other than himself, who, disguis'd in the Habit of a *Rustick*, had been his own Messenger, and was Witness of all the different Agitations his Declaration had occasion'd——Encourag'd by them, and 'tis probable by some Glances he had before observed—and prompted by his own violent Desires, which, from the first Moment he beheld her, had taken possession of his Soul; all those little Fears, and distant Awe, which generally accompany *Love* in its beginning, were no more. He threw off his upper Garment, and a black Peruke which had

had serv'd him as a Disguise, and flinging himself down by her, with a thousand Kisses and Embraces, at once restor'd her to that Sense she had so lately lost, and shew'd her the Deceit he had been guilty of—It was in vain she struggled to rise—in vain that she endeavour'd to repel the soft Endearments of his Lips and Arms; her Eyes confess'd the unwilling Transport of her Soul, and told him all he wish'd to ask: nor was he scrupulous of letting her know how well he was acquainted with his Happiness—he made her sensible of it by a thousand Liberties, which a Man who had not been certain of Forgiveness, wou'd not have dared to take—She had too much Frankness in her Nature, and had been too little accustomed to Artifice, to be able to disguise her Sentiments in a Juncture like this—*Surprize* at first had depriv'd her of all those necessary Cautions she wou'd else have made use of; and now *Love!* transported, raptur'd *Love!* wou'd not suffer her to have recourse to them—Trembling and panting, 'twixt Desire and Fear, at last she lay resistless in his Arms, with faltering Accents confess'd a mutual Ardor; and if he did not obtain the highest Favour she cou'd grant, he had too much to boast of, to fear she cou'd deny him any thing; and 'tis probable that he had not left her without the utmost Gratification of his Wishes, had he not been apprehensive of a Discovery either from *Madam de Valier*, or some of the Family, whom the Coolness of the Evening might invite to that Place, and which was not a great distance from the House—He wou'd not part, however, till he had engag'd a Promise from her to make him



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him fully blest the next Opportunity should offer; which, as he told her, was his Fault, if not contriv'd with a Speed suitable to the Impatience of the Love he profess'd.

I doubt not but this early Condescension in *Lasselia*, will be of so great Prejudice to her Character, that it will take off the Pity which is really due to the Misfortunes it brought on her; and I have nothing to alledge in her Behalf, but that the long Suppression of a Passion which she had always consider'd as fruitless, now on a sudden let loose, was beyond the Power of Reason to restrain——To add to this, tho' both, I am afraid, will seem too weak to excuse her, never was Man so form'd to charm as *de l' Amye*. I have heard several of his own Sex who knew him, aver they never saw any thing so lovely, an Air so noble, so majestick, and withal so soft and tender—Eyes so bewitching—a Shape so excellent—such a Harmony of Parts—such an agreeable Regularity throughout the whole—Then for his Wit and Conversation, it was not to be equall'd——he was so perfect a Master in the Art of Persuasion, that whoever would resolve on any thing, must be sure not to hear him plead against it; so impossible was it to dissent from him in Argument, or continue in any Opinion he seem'd to disapprove——One of the many Letters which pass'd between him and *Lasselia*, being found among some other Papers since both their Deaths, may give some little *Idea* of what he was: which, tho it was writ by a Woman in Love to Madness, and one who had abandon'd all things for her Passion, has been acknowledg-  
ed

ed by those of cooler Sentiments, and consequently better capable of judging, to be no more than what Perfections, such as his, might justify.

*LASSELLIA* to her most Dear, most Lov'd, and most Ador'd *de l'Amie*.

*YOU* command me to tell you, my Dear, my first, my only, my everlasting Love! in what manner I pass my Hours in your Absence—'tis a Question I know not how to answer—for, methinks, I am never absent from you—I have your Image ever in my View—your Voice always in my Ears—so strongly does Imagination bless me, that believing you indeed are present, I stretch my Arms to clasp the dear Illusion, and only then am undeceived, when back they come, and miss the warm Embrace—  
O! to what an elevated Height does Love, like mine, transport the Soul! a thousand times I have ask'd myself which of your Charms had most the Power to move me—which of my Senses receiv'd the noblest Pleasure—and in Idea travelled through all the mazy Wonders of your Mind and Person, but never cou'd decide the mighty Contest—all were alike enchanting!—all equally transporting—Last Night employing my fond Thoughts in their usual Contemplation, a Standish happening to be on the Table, I took up the Pen, which, without the Aid of any Muse to guide it, run into these Lines, which I have ventur'd to call

The Impossibility; or, the Combat  
of the SENSES.

*When on thy Form I feast my ravish'd Eye!  
I think no Bliss cou'd Want of Sight supply;*

*Or*

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Or, when the Musick of thy Voice I hear,  
My Soul is all collected in my Ear!  
What envious Darknes wou'd in vain deny,  
Th' attentive Faculty does well supply:  
Thy Charms are such, each can make known the rest,  
And all by one is to the Sense exprest;  
Whither thou speak'st in Looks, or smil'st in Words,  
The present Joy no higher Wish affords;  
But when——O! who Infinity can speak!  
Imagination owns itself too weak,  
When with fond circling Grasp my straining Arms  
Press, to my Bosom, thy whole Heav'n of Charms!  
When all! at once! the thousand Ways I prove,  
Which make, indeed, Divinity in Love!  
My ravish'd Heart tumultuous Pleasure swells,  
Nor Fear, nor Shame, th' unruly Rapture quells;  
With wild Delight each hurry'd Sense alarm'd,  
'Tis Insolence to say which most is charm'd:  
Each Look, each Word, each Touch, each melting Kiss,  
Gives raving Extasy!——distracting Bliss!  
Amidst that Sea of Wonders Thought is lost,  
My Soul no more can nice Distinction boast;  
Excess of Transport does itself destroy,  
And Life flies trembling from th' o'erpouring Joy.

Let the kind Meaning excuse the bad Poetry and  
Deficiency of Expression: For, O! I own no Words  
can reach thy Worth—there are two Things in Na-  
ture which never can be described by Art; and they  
are, that Profusion of Perfections thou art stor'd with,  
and my Adoration of them—but if thou would'st  
guess at the latter, hasten to my Arms, for 'tis only  
there thou canst have any just Notion how much—  
how truly thou art Master of the Soul of thy

Ever-Passionate, Ever-Tender, Ever-Faithful

L A S S E L I A.



BUT, to return : The unthinking Fair was no sooner left alone, and had leisure to reflect on what the Hurry of her Spirits had before prevented her from doing, than she reproach'd herself for suffering the Secret of her Soul to be so easily discover'd by him from whom she ought most to have conceal'd it——But, alas! she now had gone too far in the fatal Labyrinth of heedless Passion, to know how to retreat; and the Arguments he had made use of to persuade her it was no Crime to bless a Love so perfect as his, had the same Effect they ordinarily work'd on all whom he endeavour'd to bring to his Opinion; to make her think as he did—and the greatest Matter of Concern to her, was that she so soon had condescended——She fear'd the easy Attainment of his Wishes, wou'd, in a little time make her seem cheap in his Esteem—and such an Apprehension was a Dagger to her Soul; she resolv'd, therefore, that in spite of the Promise she had made him, to *delay* the Performance of it, and put him off till Time, Affiduity, and some further Proofs of his Sincerity, should render her yielding more the Effect of Gratitude than Inclination—This, 'tis possible, she might have *endeavour'd*; tho', if we consider the little Government she had of her Passion, 'tis scarce to be believ'd she wou'd have been able to accomplish, if an unexpected Summons to *Paris* had not broke all her Measures, and left her no Choice but either to run immediately into the Arms of *de l'Amye*, or quit all Thoughts of him for ever——The very next Morning, after the Evening she had past some part of it in the manner already described, she  
received

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received a Letter from her Aunt, Madam de Montespan; the Contents of which were these.

### TO LASSELIA.

**I**F you left Paris, as you pretend you did, merely for the sake of my Repose, you will make no Difficulty in returning to it, when you shall know it is my Interest calls you—the unjust King has treated me in a manner I should disdain to acknowledge, were there not an absolute Necessity you shou'd know it—I have either been betray'd by some I have put Confidence in, or my ill Genius has whisper'd him, that I have but deceived him in feigning an Ignorance to what Part of the Country you are retir'd—Since you left me, I have never receiv'd any Mark of his former Favour; and of late (what will not arbitrary Authority dare!) he has, even to my Face, avow'd his Passion—Last night he left me with Menaces, such as I too well know him not to dread, that I shou'd dearly repent my Attempt of eluding him by an Artifice too shallow not to be seen through—In fine, I perceive every day my Court decrease—I am no longer solicited—no longer hurry'd with the Attendance of petitioning Courtiers—sure Marks of a declining Favourite—all that can re-establish me in my former Interest with him, is your Return—I can boldly demand a Support for my Ambition, when I consent to the Destruction of my Love, and to the Death of my own Hopes bring a belov'd Rival to his Arms—Make haste, therefore, thou fatal Beauty! to Paris, to the sight of an adoring, impatient Monarch; a Monarch, who wants but Constancy to make him equal with the Angels—Haste, I say, to bless his Eyes—and by making him happy, in part retrieve

retrieve the Injury you have, tho unwillingly, done  
the

Unfortunate

MONTESPAN.

P. S. Come, if possible, with the same Expedition as you went—I have sent this Moment to your Royal Lover, to acquaint him I have discover'd where you are, and that I expect you to-morrow—Delay it not, unless you wish to see my Ruin.

SUCH a Command as this was as vexatious, as it was surprizing to the Person who receiv'd it—Had her Inclinations been in the very same Position as when she left *Paris*, she wou'd have been far from consenting to return to it, on the Terms propos'd; but as her Heart was now entirely taken up with the Thoughts of *de l'Amye*, to endure the Addresses of another, was detestable to her—Love gave this happy Favourite infinitely the Preference in her Esteem, over the greatest and most agreeable Monarch in the World—To be the Mistress of *de l'Amye*, tho in a Cottage, she look'd on as a Blessing superior to all the ambitious Views which tempted her in the Embraces of a King; but resolved, if possible, not only to find some Expedient utterly to escape what was her Aversion, but also to delay the Gratification of her Wishes till Time shou'd render them more excusable—To this end, she communicated Madam de Montespan's Letter to Monsieur de Valier and his Wife, entreating their Advice, how she shou'd  
avoid



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avoid a Danger which so imminently threaten'd her Virtue. The noble-minded Pair, little imagining that she had any other Reasons for refusing to return to *Paris*, than those which had oblig'd her to quit it, and altogether ignorant of what had pass'd between her and *de l'Amye*, applauded her Resolution; and told her, that they cou'd not enough extol her Bravery of Soul, who, to preserve her Honour, cou'd be blind and deaf to all the enchanting Charms of Power and Grandeur, and chuse rather to be bury'd in an *innocent Obscurity*, than shine the Envy of the World in *guilty Greatness*. These Encomiums were not perhaps so pleasing to *Lasselia* as they imagin'd; a Consciousness of not meriting what they said, embitter'd all the Sweets such Praises, if deserv'd, wou'd have bestow'd: therefore waving all that might remind her how really *Criminal* she was, while she appear'd all *Virtue*, she begg'd them to think of some Method by which she might evade the Commands of *Madam de Montespan*, and the Sollicitations of the *King*. This was no small Difficulty to bring to pass, it was not to be doubted, since that Lady had been prevail'd upon to sacrifice her Love to her Ambition, so far as to become an Intercessor; but she wou'd proceed to compass what she aim'd at, by all imaginable Measures——It seem'd therefore an Impossibility that *Lasselia* cou'd be any more safe at *Collumiers*, than at *Paris*; but where she shou'd retire, or on whose Fidelity she cou'd depend for Concealment, was the Question: Neither *Mademoiselle de Valier*, nor *Monsieur* knew of any body on whom they dared depend in any Affair of so much Consequence,

quence, which, if divulg'd, or by any Accident discover'd, might involve the Persons concerned in it, in the Displeasure of a King, who was not of a Humour to pardon Indignities of this nature. *Lasselia* perceiving they were in a Pause, and uncertain what to advise her to, and knowing very well she must immediately resolve on something, spoke to them in this manner: Since (*said she*) the only Person on Earth, from whom I cou'd have expected Shelter from the King's Addresses, has been drawn to a Resolution to betray me to him, it will be in vain to hope that, by tarrying here, I can escape the Snares laid for me; Arbitrary Power can easily find Means to force me hence: I will therefore go where, I believe, I may promise myself an unknown, and therefore safe Retreat; and because I will not oblige either of you to the Constraint of an Untruth, for, doubtless, you will not pass unexamined, I will not acquaint you with the Place of my Retirement, till the Noise of my having left you is entirely over. These Words gave a good deal of Satisfaction to the Persons they were address'd to, being unwilling to be brought under the Displeasure of the King by detaining her, and more unwilling to yield her up a Victim to his unwarrantable Passion——They presently imagin'd it was to some *Monastery* she wou'd fly for Refuge, and commended her Discretion in concealing the Name of it; well knowing, that if it were discover'd, not even that holy Sanction would avail against the united Commands of the King and Madam de *Montespan*, and the very *Religious* themselves be scrupulous of entertaining a Person in opposition to their Power.

B U T

BUT I doubt not but the Reader will easily guess it was not to be a *Recluse* that *Lasselia* intended: however, she was willing enough to let Monsieur and Mademoiselle *de Valier* continue in their Opinion that it was so, and they all concluded that she should leave their House the next Night. She told them she would depart in the Habit of a *Pilgrim*, and for the first Night take up her Lodging at a common Inn, from which she knew how to get conveniency to be carry'd to the Place she design'd to go to; and for the better deceiving Madam *de Montespan*, Mademoiselle should write to her, taking no notice that she knew any thing of her having order'd *Lasselia's* Return; but to acquaint her, that that young Lady had left *Collumiers* unknown to any body; and that both herself and Husband were in the greatest Consternation imaginable what was become of her, and for what Cause she had, in such a manner, quitted a Family, whose Care it had been to use her with all possible Respect. This Contrivance was applauded by all concern'd in it; and Mademoiselle immediately went about providing a *Pilgrim's* Habit with the utmost Secrecy, and Caution, for not one of the Servants were to be trusted with it.

IN the mean time, *Lasselia* had her Thoughts full of Confusion; it was to *de l'Amie* she had determin'd to go; his Arms were her intended Sanctuary, and his Love her Asylum; but how to let him know what had befallen her, was a Perplexity she knew not how to remove: To write to him, was an Impossibility, without  
F
having



having the Affair known to the whole Country ; and, as if Fortune had a design to contradict her Inclinations, he happen'd not to come to *de Valier's*. All Things being ready, and the Evening appointed for her Departure arriv'd, she grew almost distracted what Course she should take ; her going was unavoidable, unless renouncing all she had said, and blasting her own secret Wishes, she could have contented herself to remain there till a second Mandate, back'd with Force, should have oblig'd her Return to *Paris*. And where to go she knew not, nor could think of any plausible Pretence whereby she might advertise *de l'Amie* of her Proceedings : The Distraction of her Mind show'd itself in her Countenance, she was ready to sink with Apprehension what might happen to her, wandering alone, a Stranger, and uncertain where she should find Shelter, even from the Weather—While Mademoiselle *de Valier* was helping to dress her like a *Pilgrim*, she trembled, and had scarce Strength to suffer any thing to be done ; but this pass'd for the Trouble she was in, at being oblig'd to depart from them in a manner so odd ; and, with much ado, she was at last equipt. The Care of Monsieur and his Lady had dispatch'd all the Servants, some one way, some another, that when the fair *Pilgrim* was to make her *Exit*, there was nobody in the House but them three. The Parting was extremely moving ; Mademoiselle held her in her Arms for some time, without being able to let her go, while the other seem'd as unwilling to get loose, till Monsieur reminding them, that probably some of the Family might return, and disappoint all the Measures they had taken, they

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they broke with mutual Tears from one another's Embrace. The Lady retir'd to her Cloſet, to pray for a good Event of this, as ſhe thought, pious Fraud; and her Husband conducted the disguis'd Fair-One to the Road where ſhe deſir'd him to leave her, aſſuring him, ſhe would write by the firſt Opportunity, to give notice *how* ſhe was, tho not *where* ſhe was.

THE Reader's Imagination here muſt help me out, for Words wou'd be inſufficient to reſent what 'twas *Laffelia* endur'd, when left alone; all that one can think of Dread!—of Anxiety, was ſhort of her enduring——She was naturally timorous; and having never been expoſ'd to any Dangers, now all at once to brave ſo many, was more than all the Reſolution ſhe had muſter'd up could enable her. She accused *de l'Amye* of Ingratitude, and Coldneſs, that he had not been at *de Valier's* theſe two Days——Oh! (*ſaid ſhe to herſelf*) had he lov'd with that Ardency as he pretended, a Sympathy of Souls wou'd have brought him——By Intuition he would have known I was about to do ſomething that requir'd his Aid——Is Love a Divinity, and does any Spark of it inform his Breſt, and not by ſome ſecret Impulſe warn him, that his *Laffelia* has, for his ſake, abandon'd herſelf to all that can be thought of Miſery, and Horror? Thus did ſhe upbraid the Paſſion that poſſeſs'd her, while wandring up and down the *Fields*; for the Fears ſhe was in, wou'd not ſuffer her to keep the *Road*——The ſight of any Paſſengers, tho at a diſtance, terrify'd her beyond expreſſion; ſhe imagin'd

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that,

that, if seen, she shou'd be known in spite of her Disguise, and her distracted Apprehension form'd a thousand Ideas of Danger all frightful, and hideous to Nature!—The Darkness coming on, encreased them, and she would now have given all the World to have been in some Place of Shelter; but she was wholly unacquainted with the way to any Inn, and being stray'd a good distance from the Road, was hopeless of finding it. 'Tis probable, in her present Fears, she would have return'd to *de Valier's*, had she known her way back: but that was also impossible; and as she had run herself into this Misfortune, there was nothing for her to do, but patiently to bear whatever might be the Consequence. It would be too tedious to repeat the Lamentations she made, or the various Turns of Anguish which the different Passions created in her Soul. So I shall only say, that when it grew quite dark, she withdrew to a little *Copse*, which she found in the middle of the Field; and there covering herself as well as she cou'd with her *Pilgrim's* Weed, lay all Night on the Earth, no other Bed than a few fallen Leaves, nor Canopy, than the Skies. Hard Lodging for a young Lady bred in all the Delicacies of the most pompous and magnificent Court of *Europe*!

'TIS easy to believe she rested not much, her Griefs and Uneasinesses were of a nature too violent to admit the Influence of the God of Sleep, nor did the Dawn afford her any Consolation, she was still in the same wretched State; and after, casting in her Mind a thousand various Projections, which all seem'd impossible



possible to accomplish, she laid herself down again, quite stupid with her Grievs; resolving, as much as she had power of resolving on any thing, to rise no more.

BUT she had not continued long in this Lethargy of Thought, before she was rous'd from it by a sudden and loud Noise of Horses, Hunting-Horns, and a great Cry of Dogs; they rush'd just by the Place she was in, and had not the Gentlemen been too eager on their Game to regard any thing else, she must needs have been discover'd by them, as they pass'd, in spite of her leafy Covert. The unexpected Sound made her start at first hearing; but lifting up her Head a little, as much as she had Courage, and perceiving what it was that had occasion'd it, she slunk down again, trembling for fear she shou'd be seen, and continu'd in that Posture for some time: at last, hearing nothing but the rustling of the Leaves blown to and fro by the Winds, she once more ventur'd to rise, and walk; not that she had any hope of mending her Condition, but to seek a Place more remote to die in. She had not gone many Paces from the *Copse*, which had been her Habitation that Night, before she saw a Man on Horseback, riding leisurely cross the Field just opposite to her——All the Terrors her confus'd Imagination had created, return'd with double Force at this Sight; and endeavouring to avoid him with too much Precipitation, her Feet happen'd to be entangled with some bushy Twigs that lay in the way, and down she fell. She wou'd have rose nimbly enough, but the same spriggy Substance which had thrown her,  
still

still hung about her, and all she cou'd do was insufficient to disengage herself, till the Gentleman, perceiving the Accident, alited from his Horse, and ran to her Assistance: But how shall I set forth, as it deserves, that vast Excess of insupportable, unutterable Joy! which rush'd at once into her Soul, when looking up, she saw in the Person she had *fled*, him whom to *meet* she had run so many Dangers; her dear, her ador'd *de l' Amye*—The swift Vicissitude from the Extreme of one Passion to another was too violent for her Weakness to sustain—it took away all power of Utterance, or of Motion. Mademoiselle *de Valier* had so artificially disguis'd her, that till finding she was fainting away, he began to pull the things from her Face, in order to give her Air; he knew not to whom it was that Pity and Good-nature had engag'd him to do that good Office: But when the Face of *Lasselia* was discover'd, the same, or if possible, a greater degree of Transports than she had felt, were now his Turn to experience—both were too much lost in Rapture to express it by any other way than Kisses, Embraces, and all the fond Endearments of mutual Extasy—Words were too poor, too mean Acknowledgments of the unbounded Bliss of such a Meeting—nor cou'd they, for some Minutes, be able to relate to each other the means by which it came to pass, till Curiosity claiming a share in his other Emotions, he contented himself to give a little Truce to the tumultuous Pleasure he enjoy'd in her Embraces, to ease his Wonder at seeing her in that Garb and Place; which she, endeavouring to recollect herself, as much as possible, oblig'd him in, by shewing him Madam

*de Montespan's* Letter, and acquainting him with the Reasons why she had left *Paris*; and since the House of *de Valier*—Such a Discovery must have been an addition, if it cou'd have admitted of any, to the Passion he profess'd for her—to fly from the Embraces of a *King*, to lose for ever all the Advantages she might have expected from the Favour of so great a Lady as *Madam de Montespan*; and to endure such Terrors, such certain Hardships as had been her Portion the Night before, and might have continued on her till Death had put an end to them, had not Chance directed him that way, only for the uncertain Hopes of finding a safe Harbour in his Arms at last, was such a Proof of condescending Tenderness, of Love the most sublime, the most violent that ever was, that he confess'd it far surpass'd all possibility of a return, and grew even painful to a grateful, generous Heart, which, he said, had not the means to thank, as it deserv'd, such a profusive Waste of lavish Kindness——But *Lasselia* soon remov'd that Discontent, by assuring him she shou'd think herself more happy in the Conquest of his Heart, than in that of the whole World; and that all she entreated of him, shou'd be Constancy. This little amorous Contest being over, she began gently to reproach him for the want of that Impatience, which, by herself, she knew was incident to Love. How cou'd you, (*said she*) after so many tender Declarations on your Side, and Condescensions on mine, have the Inhumanity to keep two long Days from the only Place where you cou'd expect to see me?—Had you been kind enough to have sought me at *de Valier's*, what thousand Afflictions had you sav'd



fav'd me—all the Terrors of this last cruel Night had been unfelt, and in their room I had been possess'd of Joys inconceivable—Bliss without a Name, and which is no where to be found but in the Presence of my ador'd *de l' Amye*. You do well, (*reply'd he, tenderly embracing her*) you do well, my Angel! by the divine Softness of your *last* Words, to make me Reparation for the Injustice of your *former* ones.—O! did you know on what a Rack of high-rais'd Expectation I was kept, you would not blame, but pity me—to a Man in my Circumstances, Opportunities are scarce; nor cou'd I, in all that Age of Hours, which you call but two Days, find one which I cou'd hope wou'd bless me, till, mad with the Delay, I contriv'd a Hunting-Match, and invited *de Valier* to be Partaker of it, and at the same time entreated his Wife wou'd bear mine company at our House, till the Chase shou'd be over. I flatter'd myself with a Belief you wou'd discern my Meaning, and make some Pretence to stay at home, while I wou'd, unperceiv'd, have drop'd my Company, and stole unsuspected to that dear Bower where first I had the glorious Discovery of your tender Sentiments; but all these Hopes were dash'd, and I wonder how I surviv'd the killing News, or that at least my Countenance did not discover how nearly I was interested, when *de Valier*, at his coming this Morning, told me you had last Night left his House, unknown to all the Family; and that it was the greatest Mystery in Nature, on what Occasion, or to what Place, you were retir'd—The Force I have done myself, since this Information, in putting on a constrain'd Good-Humour to him and the rest of the Company, can by nothing

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thing be made known to you, but by your own dear extensive Imagination ; and I shall only tell you, that not able to endure it longer, I took the Advantage of their Eagerness to pursue a Stag just roused, and turn'd from them to indulge a Melancholy I believ'd I had but too just a ground for—I was resolving, under the pretence of travelling for Improvement, to put myself into some Disguise, and search the Country round, till I had found you—when Chance ! —blest'd Chance ! which from henceforward shall be my Deity, brought you to my Sight, and in a Moment chang'd the Hell of my Despair, to all the Heaven my Soul is capable of possessing. A thousand Kisses, and strenuous Embraces, clos'd this Discourse ; nor wou'd they ever have known when to have given over so delightful an Employment, but that a repeating Watch, which he happened to have in his Pocket, striking Eleven, reminded him that 'twas possible the Hunters might return, and that this was no fit Place to continue their amorous Entertainment ; therefore, remounting his Horse, and taking her up behind him, who joyfully put herself into his Protection, he rid a quite contrary way to that he expected them to come, and stopping at an Inn, where he had some little Acquaintance, he recommended her to the People of the House, and charging them to take particular Care of her, without asking any Questions who, or what she was, forc'd himself to leave her, having first obtain'd a solemn Promise from her, that she would endeavour by Repose, to recover the Fatigue she had undergone, assuring her that he wou'd return before Night. She doubted not the Performance of his Promise,

both in this and every thing else: *Love* is ever credulous, and inspires so good an Opinion of the darling Object, that it is not without great Difficulty the Heart which harbours it, can be brought to believe any thing to the prejudice of what it wishes, even where there is the greatest ground for Suspicion; and, indeed, there was here occasion sufficient for an implicate Faith; the little Knowledge she had of the Principles of *de l'Amie*, was but a too reasonable Cause for Doubt, that when he had nothing more to obtain, he might retain as little regard for the Person who so generously gave him all, as his Sex ordinarily do—it was but a Chance whether by putting herself under his Protection, she shou'd not fall into the most miserable Circumstance to which a fond believing Woman can possibly be subjected; and in such a Venture there were ten thousand Blanks to one Prize. But *Fortune*, in this particular was on her Side, *de l'Amie* had a Stock of Good-nature, Honour, and Sincerity; which had it been divided among his whole Sex, might have blest'd the Race of Womankind—he never *promis'd* more than he *perform'd*——his *Professions* never outsoar'd his *Meaning*—and tho no Man that ever liv'd, had a greater command of Language, he chose rather by *Deeds* than *Words*, to express his Passion—In the whole Course of his long Amour with her, she had it not in her power to accuse him of having told her one Untruth—To the End of his Life he lov'd her with an undiminish'd Ardour—was strictly careful of her Reputation, while there was a Possibility of preserving it—zealous for her Interest, and ever eager for her Love—Such a Ruin (as by the nicely Virtuous, the



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the Sacrifice she made him of her Honour could be call'd no other) was too pleasing to permit her to repent it——Fame, Reputation, Grandure, all that the Generality of Souls are sway'd by, seem'd little in competition with his Love; and whenever the Reflection, that by the Laws of the Nation their Pleasures were no other than criminal, came a-cross her Thoughts, he had taught her to absolve herself, by arguing with her Conscience in this manner: Why (*said she*) should I condemn that as a Fault which *Heaven* ne'er made one? 'tis Custom only and Priestcraft make me guilty——What Right had those imperious Dictators to impose Laws on their Fellow-Creatures? Not any of their Legends can boast a Divine Mission to authorize their Insolence.——In former times, Plurality of Wives and Concubines was allow'd of, and to this day are forbidden but by a small Part of the World——So far were the Suggestions of him who made it his chief Care to reconcile her to what she had done; but *Love*, and her extreme Admiration of him, furnish'd her with more——But suppose (*would she say*) it were indeed a Crime with any other Man, the Case is widely different with him I love; the charming, the unequall'd *de l'Amie*, that Pride of Nature! that Boast of the Creation! cannot sure be thought to err while he obeys the first, great, undisputable Command——*Go forth and multiply*——A thousand Wives, were there so many Women worthy of his Love, should rather spread his glorious Image round the peopled Earth! adorn Hu-

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manity!

manity ! and bless the Age to come !— With these, and the like wild Notions, did the Violence of her Passion transport her, and stifle all Remorse ; which however really condemnable in themselves, serv'd to make her entirely easy in a Life which else must have been full of Disquiets.

BUT I forget that by these Digressions I shall become tiresome to my Reader : To go on therefore with the History of this (whom I may justly call) *Self-Abandon'd Fair*. Some Hours before she expected him, did the impatient *de l' Amye*, pretending sudden Business, get rid of the Company he had invited, and returned to the Inn where he had left her ; the Joy of their Meeting was proportion'd to that Excess of Passion they were mutually transported with, and he, having order'd his Affairs so as to be absent from Home, stay'd with her all Night, and without any more Resistance than such as but heighten'd Desire, enjoy'd those Charms a King had vainly languish'd to obtain. When a little Cessation from Rapture would give leave for cooler Conversation, they began to consult where, and in what manner, she shou'd be conceal'd ; and after many various Proposals on his side, and Refusals on hers, as being either dangerous, or improper ; at last it was concluded she shou'd stay where she was, not only because the People being of a mercenary nature, Gold might make them entirely at his Devotion, but also that it being very near his House, he might with the more Convenience be often with her : to add to this, her Face was utterly unknown to them, and  
whatever

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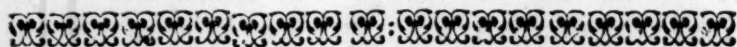
whatever Rewards might be offered by the *King*, or *Madam de Montespan*, for the discovery of *Lasselia*; their Ignorance that they had the Charge of such a Person, wou'd be her Security.

S H E lived for some Months in all the Felicity that Love, in the most elevated degree, can afford to those who devote themselves entirely to that Passion; but, alas! how transient is a Happiness built on this Foundation? If the darling Object of our Tenderness, by some uncommon Principle of Honour, or a Constancy seldom incident to the Nature of Mankind, returns not, with Ingratitude or Falshood, the Condescensions we have made; the Hand of Fate, by some unforeseen, some unimagined Blow, dashes the short-liv'd Bliss, hurls us to lasting Wretchedness, and forces us to own, tho' late, the sad Effects of our mistaken Zeal. *Madam de l' Amye*, who, as I have before observ'd, was not without a good deal of womanish Pride and Jealousy in her Nature, either by finding a difference in her Husband's Behaviour, or some other Reason, began to grow prodigiously disquieted, and resolv'd to know the Truth of what that Business was which he pretended oblig'd him to be so often from home, and where it was that he, of late, had pass'd so many Days and Nights; in order for this discovery she sent a Servant, whom she cou'd confide in, to watch at a distance where his Master went: but the Caution of *de l' Amye* rendred these Endeavours fruitless for a long time; for he never went directly to the Inn  
where



46      L A S S E L I A : or,

where *Lasselia* was lodg'd, but made short Visits at several Houses which happened to be not far distant from his own: And 'tis probable that by this means she wou'd never have had it in her power to have made herself wretched, by a Discovery of that, which for her own Peace, as well as that of the other Persons concern'd in it, had much better have been eternally conceal'd, if an Accident had not happened, that when she had almost given over all Hope of it, brought every thing to light.



*The History of the two Mademoiselle  
Douxmouries.*

A FRIENDSHIP of a very ancient standing having been between the Families of *de l' Amye* and *Douxmourie*, it was mutually desir'd, that the former having but one Son, and the other no more Children than two Daughters, the Amity between them might be preserv'd by his Marriage with one of them. — The eldest of them, being most favour'd by her Father, was the Person propos'd, and old *de l' Amye* agreeing to it, every thing was concluded on before the Inclinations of the Parties themselves were consulted: The young Gentleman, who had been on his Travels, tho' he was every day expected home, did not return till some Months after this Affair was settled; so that his intended Bride had much the advantage of him, in knowing to whom she was ordain'd. — The Expectations that she would be a very  
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considerable Match, being Coheirefs with her Sister of a vast Estate, join'd to her other Accomplishments, had attracted a great number of Admirers, all which her Father oblig'd her to dismiss, and told her he had provided a Husband for her, whose Quality and Fortune were what he approved of, and whose personal Merits were not to be equalled by any of those who pretended a Passion for her: Nor was it from her Father alone she received this Character of him, several Gentlemen, who had accompanied him to some of those Courts, which he had visited for Improvement, being returned before him, reported him to be grown a perfect Master of all those Accomplishments which can render a Man truly valuable. The thing was publickly talk'd of, all her Acquaintance wish'd her Joy of a Happiness which was look'd upon as good as compleated, and among them there were not a few who wou'd have rejoiced to have had a possibility of putting themselves in her place, and envy'd her more for the good Fortune she was to enjoy in the possession of so charming a Husband, than for the Dowry she received from her Father. She, who had a Heart intirely unprepossess'd with any other Object, was perfectly satisfied with the Choice had been made for her; and tho' it cou'd not be said she was in love with one whose Person she had never seen, yet 'tis certain that from the prodigious Character she had heard of him, she had form'd so great an Idea of Happiness in being his Wife, that she obey'd the Commands of her Father in

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in resolving to become so with an *Inclination*, at least, equal to her *Duty*.

A T length, the long-expected Charmer was arriv'd ; and as soon as the first Demonstrations of Joy for his Return were over, was inform'd by his Father of what he had concluded on for him : the old Gentleman did not fail to represent the Advantages of such a Match in Colours the most agreeable, and extoll'd the Merits of the Lady he design'd for him to so high a Degree, that a youthful Heart, naturally amorous, was easily inflam'd by so elegant a Description—— The Fatigue of his Journey had not taken from him that Impatience, and Curiosity, which such an Occasion commonly inspires : he was eager to see her, and desir'd he might be introduc'd immediately. His Father, overjoy'd to find him in a Humour so much dispos'd to Obedience, comply'd with his Request, and they went together to the House of Monsieur *Douxmourie*. Old *de l'Amie* beginning told he was gone to take a Walk in his Garden, went to seek him there, leaving his Son in the Parlour till his Return, little imagining what Event that short Time of his Absence would bring forth. The youngest of the *Douxmourie's* having heard the Congratulations which had been paid to her Sister on the account of her intended Marriage, and the Admiration every one that knew him had express'd of the graceful Person, and Behaviour of him who was to be the Husband ; had a Desire, which indeed had something more in it than Curiosity, to see him : and  
being



being told by some of the Servants that he was below, resolv'd to be a Witness of what so many had alledg'd in his favour : She had the better Opportunity of doing it, because her Sister was that Afternoon gone out to make some Visits : Therefore coming into the Room where he was, with a Gaiety and Freedom which is pretty common among the *French Ladies*, struck his Fancy, at first sight, with something to her Advantage, which she was far from expecting. He no sooner saw her, than he wish'd she might be the Person his Father had made choice of for him ; and his Travels having furnish'd him with a good Quantity of Assurance, tho no more than what is agreeable, provided the Person possess'd of it knows how to temper it with Good-Manners, he presently made her sensible how happy he should think himself if she were the Daughter of Monsieur *Douxmourie*. Young as she was, she was not so dull of Apprehension as not to understand him ; but perceiving he either had not been made acquainted, or had forgot that there were two of them, forbore to remind him, prompted thereto by some secret Dictates, to which as yet she was herself a Stranger to the meaning of ; and only answering him in the Affirmative, that she had the Honour to call that Gentleman Father, prevented him from giving any Check to the Passion which was just then kindling in his Soul : and thinking himself the happiest Man on Earth, to find in one Person all that cou'd indulge his Love, and at the same time gratify his Interest, and his Duty, was too much transported to restrain

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his Joy, or wait the dull Formality of her being presented to him : but telling her who he was (which she knew well enough before) and asking her if she had never heard of such a Man, who had been flatter'd with the hope that he should, one day, be blest in the possession of the Daughter of *Douxmourie* : Yes, Monsieur, (*answer'd she, blushing ; and with an Air which still confirm'd him she was the Person he wish'd, and also that the sight of him had given her Emotions, in some measure, proportion'd to those he felt for her*) I am, indeed (*said she*) the Daughter of *Douxmourie*, nor are you deceiv'd in your Conjecture, if you imagine I have heard enough of *de l'Amie* to make me impatient for his coming. He was about to reply to these obliging Words, in Terms full of Tenderness, when the coming in of both their Fathers prevented either of them from proceeding. After the first Civilities were over, Monsieur *Douxmourie* began to speak of the Happiness he propos'd in uniting their Families ; and young *de l'Amie* assur'd him, that, in providing for him in this manner, he thought himself under greater Obligations to his Father, than for all he ever did, or wou'd do for him besides. You are infinitely gallant, *reply'd Monsieur* ; and I hope, if what you tell me be your real Sentiments, you will have no occasion to alter them when you see my Daughter, who, not appriz'd of the Honour of a Visit from you, happens to be abroad ; but I have sent for her, and I know she will be here immediately. What mean you Sir ? (*interrupted de l'Amie, strangely surpriz'd*) is not this Lady your Daughter ! One  
of

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of them (*resum'd the other*;) but she that the discerning Eyes of your rightly-judging Father has pointed out for you, as much exceeds her in all the Perfections of Mind and Body, as this might seem to do an untaught, tawny *Ethiope*. It is not to be imagin'd what an Alarm these Words gave the Person they were address'd to——He was hardly able to recover himself so far as to be able to make any Answer, and when he did, it was in this manner: I doubt not (*said he coldly*) but that all your Family have Excellencies peculiar to themselves——but I should never wish a nobler Satisfaction, than what is in the power of this young Lady to bestow. Had a disinterested Person been present, it would have been pleasant enough to have observ'd the Surprise and Vexation which appear'd in the Faces of the two old Gentlemen——They stood for some time looking on one another in a fix'd Posture, as if some supernatural Event had happen'd, which had depriv'd them of the Power of Speech, till the Father of him, who had been the Occasion of it, first broke silence in these or the like Expressions——You must pardon (*said he*) the Deference which my Son has Gallantry enough to pay to the *present* Fair——He has travell'd, you know, and that sort of Education generally inspires a desire of becoming pleasing to all——I hope he is better acquainted with my Intentions, than to prefer in reality any to her I have appointed for him——Aye, aye, *cry'd the other*, it is all owing to this forward Girl——Leave the Room! (*contin'd he, turning to his Daughter,*

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who



who had been all this while trembling with Confusion and Uncertainty how to behave in this Affair) be gone!——You are too young for Conversations such as we are upon. Tho, by what after ensu'd, one may believe she wou'd have given her Soul almost to have staid; she was kept in too much Awe by the Severity of her Father, to dare to disobey him, and she went away in Tears: which so sensibly touch'd *de l'Amye*, that not all the Respect he ow'd to the Presence of his Father wou'd have been able to have restrain'd him from uttering a much greater Part of his Sentiments, than yet he had done, if the immediate Entrance of that Lady, for whose sake the other had been treated in this manner, had not made it improper: She no sooner appear'd, than, after having paid a civil Respect to the two Strangers, she ask'd her Father what had occasion'd his Commands for her return home. That, *reply'd he*, which I doubt not but all here will at last think themselves happy in. In speaking these Words, he presented her to *de l'Amye*; and for form sake, told her who he was, tho the Servant who was sent for her had before related the News.

NOTHING could be more dazling than the Appearance of this Lady; her Person was every way agreeable, she had the finest Hair and Complection in the World, her Features were perfectly regular; nor could the nicest Eye find a Defect either in her Face or Shape, unless that she were something too tall; but then there was an Air of Majesty about

about her, which little People very rarely can boast, and which made her appear extremely charming——To all that *Nature* had bestow'd, *Art* had done its utmost to embellish her: she was dress'd in so *rich*, as well as *becoming* a manner, as might easily inform those that saw her, there was nothing wanting from her *own Care* for the *one*, or *Indulgence* of her *Father* for the *other*. But not all the Attractions she was Mistress of, were sufficient to make her appear half so amiable in the Eyes of *de l'Amye*, as did her Sister: there was an easy Freedom in the Behaviour, a winning Softness in the Air and Face of that young Creature, tho dress'd in a more plain Apparel, and not set off with any Illustration, which took more with him, and he continu'd to think her infinitely more lovely in her native Charms, than this, adorn'd in all the gawdy Pomp of Finery, and Blaze of Jewels. The Passion he was possess'd of for the other, and the Reflection how indifferently she had been used on the account of this, work'd so strongly in his Soul, that he had scarce power enough over himself to pay her even those common Compliments, which cou'd not be omitted without Ill-Manners.——In fine, the little he said to her appear'd so forc'd, so different from what is dictated by the Heart, that a Person, far less capable of judging than she was, might easily perceive he was little influenc'd in the manner she expected. By the Description I have given of her, I believe my Reader will not imagine her to be the humblest of her Sex; tho, had she been such, a Disappointment like

like this was sufficient to rouse the smallest Sparks of Pride, and kindle up Resentment; but as she really was of a Humour perhaps the least inclinable to pardon an Indignity of this kind, of all others, she grew all Fury, and her tumultuous Thoughts meditated nothing but Revenge: but if his not loving her had power to raise such a Tempest of Rage in her Soul, to what an infinite Degree did the Knowledge (which she soon after receiv'd) that it was to the more prevailing Charms of her Sister she ow'd this Mortification, transport her! All that can be conceiv'd of Violent, was mean to that with which her haughty Temper was agitated. The poor young Lady felt the Effects of it; her Father was so much inrag'd, that by her showing herself the Match might probably be broken off between *de l'Amye* and his favourite Daughter, that he wou'd not suffer her to come in his sight; but order'd she should stay in her Chamber, whence he vow'd she should never come out, unless it were to be dispos'd in a Monastery, without *de l'Amye*, repenting the Declarations he had made in her favour, consented to the Consummation of what his Father had agreed upon for him—Nor was this all the Hardship she endur'd; she was deny'd Ease in her Confinement, her Sister was perpetually coming in to insult her, and whenever any Company or Business gave her a small Cessation from this Vexation, her own disturb'd Thoughts were sufficiently her Tormentors—She lov'd the charming *de l'Amye*, tho she had seen



seen him but once, with a Passion as fierce, as violent, as her Soul naturally mild and gentle was capable of admitting. And the Impossibility there was, that her Father ever shou'd be brought to consent she shou'd be his, to the prejudice of her Sister, even tho he should really like her well enough, to continue giving her the Preference in his Inclinations, I believe, by all who have experienc'd that Passion, will be allow'd to be a Torture poynant enough to break a Heart more resolute than her's.

WHILE the Family of *Douxmourie* were in these Perplexities, that of *de l'Amye* was not much better: the young Gentleman plainly told his Father, he never would marry the Person propos'd, and obstinately refus'd making any more Visits to that House, unless he might be admitted to pay his Addresses to the youngest Daughter. This created many Arguments between them; and neither of them being able to overcome the Resolution of the other, the whole Affair, for some time, continu'd in suspense.

OLD *de l'Amye* at length having, for many Reasons, a prodigious Desire his Son should marry into that Family, endeavour'd to persuade Monsieur *Douxmourie* to give his Consent that he should have her he seem'd most to approve; but he was too partially fond of his other Daughter, to listen to such a Proposal: and since he had no other way to revenge the Contempt she had been treated with,

with, encreas'd his ill Usage of her Rival Sister in such a manner, that she would not have been able to have supported it with Life, had Heaven not sent her a Relief, by taking him away, in whose power alone she was. He was taken suddenly ill of a violent Fever, and died in three days: but the approach of Death made but little Alteration in his Sentiments, he did not indeed wholly cut off his younger Daughter of a Child's Part in his Estate, but left her far inferior to her Sister, and that too to be forfeited if she marry'd *de l' Amye*.

SHE was now, however, her own Mistress; and 'tis not to be imagin'd that when she was so, she wou'd continue in the same House with a Sister, whose unforgiving Temper had cost her so much Uneasiness: She took Lodgings in the Town, and being still possess'd of her former Passion, tho as hopeless as ever of gratifying it, sent to let *de l' Amye* know she shou'd take it as a favour if she saw him among the number of those who came to console an unhappy Orphan. — This Summons was too kind a one for a Man of his Gallantry to refuse, had he been less in Love; but still retaining the same Desire which the first Sight of her had inspired him with, tho' now degenerated to a less noble Aim, he obeyed with a speed which testified the Pleasure he took in it: The former Tenderness with which they had regarded each other, encreasing by a nearer Conversation, both became at length too much

much overcome by it, to have the Government any longer of their Actions. — And, to what Extremes will mutual Love transport its Votaries? — They yielded to the all-commanding Force — gave up their Souls as Victims to his Sway — and prov'd that it was not in the power of the inexorable *Doux-mourie* to deprive them of any other part of the Joys of Marriage than the Ceremony. The Consequence of this was, what might naturally be expected, the Censure of the World, and a living Proof that those Censures were not undeserv'd; but in spite of those two, which must be reckon'd stabbing Afflictions to a Woman who has any Pretence to Honour or Reputation, the generous Fair had too great a tenderness for her lovely Undoer, to press him to take off the Reproach she suffer'd by making her his Wife. — A noble Friendship went hand in hand with the Passion she had for him, which would not suffer her to wish he should take to his Arms a Bride unportion'd; nor indeed, as his Affairs stood, great part of his Father's Estate being involv'd, could he have done it, without bringing manifest Destruction on himself, and her he married. But the Case stood not in this manner with the *Sieur Le Blessang*. He, tho' infinitely superior to her in Fortune, wou'd have thought himself happy, would she have yielded to be his Wife; and when she heard the Rumour that every one's mouth was full of, of her Intimacy with *de l' Amye*, he was the last that believ'd it; nor, perhaps, never would have done so, if her Sister, who

I hated



hated her more deadly, since she knew the continued Tenderness *de l'Amie* still had for her, and was ever watchful to expose her, had not contriv'd a Stratagem, to give him ocular Demonstration. She persuaded him to dress like a Footman, and under the Pretence of bringing a Letter from that happy Lover, he easily got Admittance into the House, where the unfortunate Lady was in her Child-Bed. — That Secret being also discovered by the Spies of that assiduous Contriver of Dissension. — Having gain'd Entrance, Love, Curiosity, Jealousy, and a Resolution of being satisfied of the Truth, emboldened him to follow the Maid that carried up the Letter; and found her, indeed, as he had been inform'd, and the undeniable Testimony of what she had been guilty of, lying on the Bed by her. The Surprize he was in, in spite of all had been told him, to see her really in that Condition, was so great, that he had power to utter no more than, O! cou'd I have thought it! — Cou'd I have thought it! — and then ran down Stairs immediately — the Confusion she was in, at seeing a Fellow at her Bedside, and the Oddness of his Behaviour, hindred her from ordering he shou'd be stay'd — but when she open'd the Letter, and found it only a Blank, she perceiv'd she had been betray'd, and was immediately seiz'd with so violent a Disorder, that it threw her into Fits which had like to have been fatal to her. There let us leave her for a while, and return to the enrag'd Lover, Monsieur *Blessang* — He had no means of venting his Indignation  
on

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on her who had so ungratefully repaid his generous Affection, but he cou'd not bear the Man who deprived him of her Affections shou'd live; he, therefore, writes a Challenge immediately to Monsieur *de l'Amye*, who, though he cou'd not guess by what way he had affronted a Gentleman who was altogether a Stranger to him, had too much Bravery to refuse meeting him, and went to the Place, and at the Hour appointed——

It was natural enough, before they encounter'd, to enquire the Cause which had provok'd him to send a Billet of that nature; which the other answer'd with all the Frankness imaginable, telling him the whole Secret by which he had discovered the Amour——

But, *said he*, not yet able to *vanquish the Tenderness he had for her*; tho' she is for ever lost to me, and with her all my Soul holds dear, so precious is her Fame, and Peace of Mind to me, that if you will swear to recompence the Injury you have done her, by an honourable Marriage, I am willing to pass over my own Misfortune in Consideration of her Happiness, and will here change Vows with you, never to molest your Peace—*De l'Amye*, tho' 'tis possible he might, after Possession, have had Gratitude enough to have done every thing in his power for her Ease, knew very well his Circumstances would not admit of his marrying in that manner; but either not willing to let the other into that Secret, or believing all he cou'd say on that score would seem but as a Pretence to avoid fighting, thought it better absolutely to re-

fuse it — This threw off all the Good-will Monsieur *Blessang* before had to an Accommodation; and, drawing his Sword—Now, *said he*, nothing shall protect thee from me; I fight not now to satiate my Revenge on a Rival, but to punish a Villain, a base Violater of Innocence—Have-at-thee, then, *continued he, making a Pass at him*—Defend thyself, if thou canst, against the Cause of Justice, and of injur'd Virtue. He made his first Push with so much Fury and Skill, that *de l' Amye* stood in need of all his Dexterity to parry it; but having foil'd him once or twice, and by this time equally enrag'd, gave a home Thrust, with these Words—This, *cry'd he*, to show how little I deserve the Contumely, thy rash mistaken Rage has branded me with—The unhappy *Blessang* cou'd answer to these Upbraidings no otherwise than with a Groan, which was indeed his last; for that Moment put a Period at once to his Love, Life, and Indignation. Monsieur *de l' Amye* was exceedingly troubled at this Accident, not only because he had robb'd the World of a Gentleman whose Life might have been of Service to it, but also that he knew he had too many powerful Friends for him to hope to obtain a Pardon for the Misfortune he had been the cause of to them—As he was reflecting a little on the Vexations which frequently arise from giving way to that Bane of Quiet, Love, he saw three or four People cross hastily over an adjacent Field, and seem to be coming directly to the Place where he was standing by the dead Body



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dy of him who so unluckily had fallen by his hand. Self-preservation put him in mind that this was no fit Place for Contemplation ; and turning another way into a Road, the Entrance of which he knew very well, he made the best of his way to the Lady for whose sake all this had happen'd : he found her very ill, and not in a Condition to be acquainted with what he had to deliver, therefore was obliged to leave her ; zealously entreating the Care of all about her, designing, if she recover'd, to write an account of all to her, as soon as he shou'd be in a Place of Safety ; which, not believing was to be found in *France*, he took Shipping immediately, and embark'd for *Flanders*. Where when he had landed, he sent Letters to his Father, and some others whom he cou'd confide in, desiring they would let him know, by Post, every thing that pass'd concerning the Death of Monsieur *Blessang*. The first Answers he receiv'd, were little to his Consolation, tho' no less than he expected : The Persons whom he saw in the Field, were brought by the Servant who was employ'd in carrying the Challenge ; who, imagining what it might contain, had come in hope to have prevented the Mischief ; and finding they were too late, went that moment to a Magistrate, and gave in an Information—he also was informed that great Search had been made for him, and that he must never expect to see *France* again, unless he meant the Visit should be fatal to him——But in the midst of all these sad Accounts, he had this to comfort him,  
that

that his Father was very busy with all those who were accounted Favourites at Court; that he spar'd no Cost nor Trouble to procure a Pardon; and that there were some among them, who had given him hope of succeeding.

THIS Misfortune was very terrible to old Monsieur *de l'Amye*, not only because it depriv'd him of the pleasure of his dear Son's Company, but also that it was the tearing to pieces of his already broken Estate: and the Trouble and Fatigue it occasion'd him, was such, as was very near bringing him to his Grave.

BUT what Tongue is able to express the Grief, the Distraction of the unfortunate Cause of all this Woe, when first she heard the fatal News: Had it not been prevented by the watchful Care of those about her, she wou'd not have liv'd a Moment to endure the Obloquy of the World, and those severer Stings of Conscience which she now began to feel, for having, by her ill Conduct, occasion'd such Scenes of Death and Ruin—The *Idea* of the unhappy *Blessang* was ever in her mind; and at some times Imagination work'd so strongly on her perplex'd Thoughts, as to make her think she saw him. She continued for some time in a Condition little different from Madness; but when Reason had a little recovered its usual Sway, a deadly Melancholy succeeded Passion; and tho' she had frequent Letters from *de l'Amye*, in which  
he

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he press'd her to come to *Flanders*, she cou'd not be prevail'd on, to repeat that Folly which had caus'd such Misfortunes in the World, and which she now accounted as a Crime unpardonable: But to do all she cou'd to expiate it, after putting her Child, which happen'd to be a Boy, under the Care of a *Fryar*, of whose Goodness and Piety she was well assured, she retir'd into a *Convent*, where she resolv'd to pass the Remainder of her Days in Penitence. Her haughty Sister all this while exulted in triumphant Vengeance; but aiming still at the Life of *de l'Amye*, she join'd her Interest, which was pretty considerable, with the Relations of the *Sieur Bleffang*, the better to render fruitless all the Endeavours the unhappy Father cou'd make in his Son's behalf——But, at last, notwithstanding all the Efforts of Malice, he succeeded, a Pardon was sign'd, and he call'd home: It would be needless to repeat the mutual Transports of the overjoy'd Father and Son at meeting; whoever will give themselves leisure to think what they would feel in such a Circumstance, need not be inform'd——It had however been more pure, if not mix'd by the melancholy Reflection how much this Accident had impoverish'd their Fortune; and by making so many Enemies, took from the young Gentleman all Hope of repairing it, as he once designed by getting a Place at Court: but being inform'd of the Particulars of all that had been done in his Absence, he resolv'd at least to gratify one Passion; and putting on a Countenance



tenance as full of Gaiety as he cou'd, went to make a Visit to her whom his Indifference had made his implacable Enemy, *Mademoiselle Douxmourie*. The Surprize which appear'd in the Face of the Servant who open'd the Door to him, gave him a sort of gloomy Satisfaction, not doubting but he shou'd create a much greater in the Lady he serv'd. He was not mistaken in his Sentiments; she no sooner was told he enquir'd for her, than a cold Sweat came all o'er her Limbs; she trembled like one in a Palsy, and not able to imagine what shou'd have occasion'd his coming, was not without a Thought, that repenting his Contempt of her, he meant to entreat her Pardon, and perhaps endeavour to expiate his former Coldness by a Declaration of Love. This was too agreeable a Belief for her to oppose it: For *de l'Amye* having had the same Charms for her, as for almost all her Sex besides; and her Hatred having only been occasion'd by his not loving her, such a Suggestion gratified more than one Passion in her: therefore, looking in her Glass, and setting herself in that Air which she thought would be most engaging, she went down to receive him with a Pleasure, which those who knew the Violence with which she had express'd herself against him, would scarcely have believed. But how was she mortified, how much more insupportable was this second Disappointment, than the first he had given her; when instead of accosting her with humble Looks, and Words all compos'd of Sweetness and Persuasion,

Persuasion, as she expected, he offered her nothing but Insults, and reproach'd her for her Inhumanity to a Sister, who he told her was infinitely more deserving than herself, in Terms so bitter, and so severely just, that tho' she cou'd ill endure to hear them, her secret Soul avowed what he alledg'd, and join'd to torture her. This Self-Condemnation abated great part of the Fury his first Salutation had put her in, and at length, she either was, or fancy'd herself to be, truly sorry for what she had done, and opening all her Bosom, made no Scruple of confessing the Source of all the Mischief. She confess'd it was not *Pride* for the Preference he gave her Sister, which had alone stirr'd up her Resentment, but that Love, jealous, disappointed *Love* ! had at least an equal Share in driving her to those Extremes she had been guilty of. ——— And at last fell so low as to tell him, that if he yet cou'd bring himself to return the Passion she felt for him, she would repair the Losses she had occasioned in his Fortune by giving him her own, and by publicly marrying him, testify to the whole World from what Original the Hatred she had shewed to him had sprung : 'Tis impossible to describe with what a Look *de l'Amye* list'ned to this unexpected Offer ; all that can be conceived of Scorn, Contempt, and Detestation, were to the Life display'd in his expressive Eyes—— but, as if they were not intelligible enough —— Weak, vile Woman ! (*said he*) as mean-spirited as base ! Can you believe that I, who, when unknowing the foul-

ness of your *Mind*, could find no Charm about your *Person* worthy my Regard, can now descend to take a Wretch who wants but Opportunity and the Temptation of the Devil to be a Witch? — No — did but one Thought agree — should I forgo my Principles, renounce my Honour, and debase my Nature but even so far — cou'd I but hesitate, if for a sordid Consideration I shou'd take to my Arms so loathed a Creature, I shou'd indeed be only fit for thee — but I too much despise thee to think whatever thou canst offer worth a Moment's serious Consideration — thou art now grown as much beneath my *Resentment*, as thou art unworthy of my *Pity*. I cannot have the same Sentiments for you (*reply'd she, fiercely, and running at him with a Penknife which she happened to have in her Pocket*) nor shalt thou live to triumph over both the Daughters of *Douxmourie*.

S H E was very near plunging it into his Body, before he saw what it was she had in her Hand; and had not a Chair, by catching hold of her Sleeve, a little retarded the Speed with which she flew to him, he had inevitably fallen a Victim to her Fury; but easily disarming her, when he perceived what she was about, Wretch! (*cry'd he, if possible with an added Scorn to that with which he had before look'd on her*) Fortune will no longer assist the Mischiefs thou art form'd to execute. — Thou hast already done all to me thou ever canst have power to do, by depriving me of thy Si-



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Sister, and forcing my unwilling Arm to rob the World of so accomplish'd a Gentleman as the *Sieur Blessang*. — I now despise what ever Efforts thy future Malice may make against me — and leave thee an Object at once meanly *despicable*, and transcendently *wicked*. With these Words he flung out of her House, resolved to hear no more, had she attempted to speak; but the o'er-boiling Passions of her Soul suffer'd not themselves to be discharg'd in Words, but rising all at once, suffocated her, and she was found by her Servants in a Swoon.

TO repeat the many Stratagems she afterwards form'd for his Destruction, would be as tiresome as impertinent, since none of them for a long time met with Success; and she had the inexpressible Mortification to see him in a small time married to a young Widow vastly rich, part of whose Wealth paid off the Mortgages of the Estate which was to descend to him, and they lived together on the Remainder in a manner more grand than ever he had done before.

BUT now the Time was come at once to prove how dangerous it is to have a watchful Enemy, tho' ne'er so known a one, and to make *Lasselia* sensible how much she had deceiv'd herself by false Reasoning when she concluded that Errors, such as she was guilty of, were little taken notice of by Heaven. The implacable *Douxmourie*, out of humour with the World, which afforded her a Gratification

fication neither of her Love nor Resentment, was going into the Country to indulge a Discontent she cou'd not have so much leisure to do at *Paris*. In the Road to the Place she was going to, was that Inn in which *de l'Amie* had plac'd his belov'd *Lassellia*. It was the effect of the other's Ill-fortune, that she happened to bait there, and a little more fatigued than ordinary, resolv'd to go no farther that Day. *Lassellia*, who while the Sun was up, ne'er dared to peep abroad, us'd commonly to take the benefit of the Air in an adjacent Field every Evening: She was in one of those nocturnal Refreshments when *Madamoiselle Douxmourie*, who in leaving *Paris*, had not left her Disquiets, weary of sitting alone in her Chamber, and it being too early to go to bed, went to take a little Walk: accompany'd only by her Woman, whom she had taken along with her. It was their Chance to go into that very Field; which being very near the House, made it not unsafe for them to venture without any other Guard than their own Voices; which, if they were assaulted, might easily bring People to their Assistance. They had walk'd but a little way in it, before they fancy'd they stood in need of Protection; they heard a rustling among the Leaves on the other side of the Hedge, and presently after a muttering of Voices; they immediately imagined there were Robbers near them, and presently began to run back, crying all the way, Thieves, Thieves!—

Help!

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Help! Help! or we shall be murder'd in a Moment. There were immediately 20 People about them from the Inn, and some little Cottages which stood near it—What's the matter? where are the Thieves? bawl'd they all out with one Voice—O! just in that Thicket (*reply'd Douxmourie, pointing toward the Place where she had heard the Sound*)———'Tis not to be doubted but they ran in hope of a certain Reward which had been allow'd to all who had the good Fortune to take any of these lawless Adventurers. *Douxmourie* was so much out of breath with her Fright, that she was obliged to rest on her Woman's Arm, before she cou'd go any farther; and she was not got into the House, when the Mob her Outcrys had rais'd, were returned: she stopp'd a little to know their Success———for Fear had magnify'd the Noise she heard to such a degree, that she thought there were at least a hundred of them that made it——See, Madam (*cry'd one of the Fellows*) for what Cause you have been alarm'd——there were no Thieves; you have only made us interrupt a loving Couple———but, however, since we have been at the pains of taking them, we'll e'en carry them before their Betters———they shall give an account who they are, and what Business they had there, before we part with them. It was to no purpose that the Gentleman endeavour'd, by mild Arguments



70 L A S S E L I A : or,

Arguments (for to have made use of Force, would have been Madnefs) to prevail on this rude Multitude, to let him, and the Person he had with him, who was dying with her Fears, go about their business. They were obstinately bent, and all his Eloquence was thrown away on them. *Douxmourie* was all the while they were talking, in the greatest Consternation imaginable; she fancy'd she knew the Voice of him who had fallen into this Misfortune, but cou'd not recollect where, or when she had heard it before; and the Moon being pretty obscure, and the Press of People who encompass'd him round, would not give her leave to see his Face, till being all come near the Inn, the People themselves running out with Lights, she immediately saw, to her inexpressible Surprise, as well as Joy, that it was the Object of her Hatred, *Monsieur de l'Amye*, and with him a Woman of a very good Appearance, (for *Lasselia* had long ago thrown off her *Pilgrim's Habit*) but that distracted Lady, willing to conceal herself as long as she cou'd, holding a Handkerchief to her Eyes, took from the other the means of knowing her, which else she must infallibly have done, having often seen her at *Madam de Montefpan's*; but this she was certain of, that it was not his Wife, by the difference of her Shape and Stature; *Lasselia* being a great deal taller, and something more slender

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slender than Mademoiselle *de l'Amye*, whom before her Marriage she had been intimately acquainted with.

THE Master and Mistress of the House were very much vex'd at this Accident, not expecting any other, than that by this Discovery Monsieur *de l'Amye* wou'd be oblig'd to carry his Mistress and Generosity to some othe Place : but to bring them off as well as they cou'd, they told the Rabble that they might disperse themselves, for they wou'd be answerable for the Character of those Persons, that the Lady was a near Relation of their own, and the Gentleman an Acquaintance who sometimes call'd to see them——Thus, with much ado, the Lovers at last had their Liberty ; but were extremely perplex'd, lest this Affair should get Air. *De l'Amye* cou'd not be certain that, among such a Number of People, there were not some who might know him ; but that was the smallest of their Vexations, *Lasselia* had till then been conceal'd with that caution, that not a Servant in the House, but one, whose Fidelity the Mistress of it was secure of, knew there was any Woman lodg'd there, a Passage being made for her on purpose out of her Chamber into the Fields ; and she never stirring but when it was dark, prevented her from being seen by any body.

BUT

BUT it was now natural to suppose, that being found with him, and afterwards own'd as a Relation by the Inn-keeper, would create Suspicion enough in those sort of People, therefore they concluded that it would be wholly improper for her to continue there. But whither to remove her, he could not for his Soul contrive; tho, had he known how dangerous an Enemy he had in the House, and who had been both the Occasion and Witness of the Bustle which had happen'd, 'tis certain they would rather have chose to have shelter'd themselves that Night under the Boughs of some spreading Oak, than tarry'd under the same Roof with her. But the malicious *Douxmouvie*, to have the better Opportunity of completing the Mischief she intended, withdrew the moment she had seen his Face; which, by the Advantage of the Lights being brought behind her to the Place where they were, she cou'd easily do, before he cou'd, if the Distraction he was in would have given him leave, have perceiv'd her.

SHE went presently to her Chamber; but having several Servants with her, she order'd them to watch about the House, and bring her word of all the Motions of those two Persons: and being inform'd by the most diligent among them, that, for a certainty, that Gentleman and Woman lay  
both



both of them there, she pretended on a sudden to be taken extremely ill, and that not expecting to live an Hour, she must send for some Friends she had in that Country; so ordering a Horse to be got ready, that Footman who had brought her this Intelligence, having his Message given him privately, was dispatch'd to the House of *Madam de l'Amye*, where he was to tell her, that he belong'd to a Gentleman who had the greatest Concern imaginable for her ill Usage; and had sent to inform her, that her Husband having an Intention wholly to abandon her in a short time, of late had been very busy in disposing of some Lands, which Money he had made a Present to a young Girl, whom he was so excessive fond of, that he design'd to live with her as his Wife; and as a Proof of the Truth of all this, she might that Night find them together at such an Inn—— But that, if she requir'd this Testimony, she must not lose this Opportunity, which probably might never offer again—— *Mademoiselle Douxmourie* charg'd him, if possible, to fire her with a desire of coming immediately, because she was not sure how long they might stay. It was scarce a quarter of an Hour's riding to the House of *de l'Amye*; and telling the Servants he had Business of greater Consequence than Life to impart to their Lady, she order'd he should be admitted, tho she had on her Night-dress, and was preparing for bed—— The Fellow perform'd the Business he was sent about with so

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much

much Art, that she presently assented to the Proposal of going that moment to detect her Husband, on whose Ingratitude and Perfidiousness she bestow'd ten thousand Curses; but not thinking it proper to go alone, especially with this Man, who was altogether a Stranger to her, she sent to Monsieur *de Valier*, and rouz'd him and his Lady, desiring they would come to her on an extraordinary Occasion——They obey'd her Summons, and were there by the time her Coach was got ready, which they all went into, accompany'd on each side by Mademoiselle *Douxmourie's* Man, two of *Valier's*, and one of her own, all on Horseback——As they went along, she told them on what account she had entreated the favour of their Company: and they both took the liberty of assuring her, that had they been of her Counsel beforehand, they should have persuaded her against it; because in such Cases, Extremes are often fatal to the Peace of both, and that it was better sometimes to appear blind, than too quick-sighted: But Jealousy is not of a nature to endure Controul, she was resolv'd to have the pleasure of upbraiding, and bid the Coachman drive as fast as possible. They got to the Inn about three in the Morning, when all the Family were drown'd in Sleep, except Mademoiselle *Douxmourie*, and those that sat up to attend her, and open the Door to those Friends she told them she had sent for.

H E R

H E R Servant, who had the Conduct of the whole Affair, brought them up into his Lady's Chamber, where Madam *de l'Amye* was not a little surpriz'd to find to whom it was she ow'd the Discovery she was about to make; and possibly, in spite of her own jealous Rage, wou'd rather have seem'd to have disbeliev'd all she heard, than gratify the Malice of this Woman, who she knew had the greatest Hatred imaginable to her Husband. *Douxmourie*, perhaps, guessing at her Sentiments, as soon as she had put every body out of the Room belonging to the House, Madam, *said she*, I forbore to let you know I was the Person who, by the greatest Chance in the World, have this Opportunity of convincing you of the Perfidy of your Husband; because the open Enmity I have always profess'd for him, might have made you suspect there was more of Spleen, than Justice in what I had told you: but as you are now in the same House, and on the same Floor with him, and the Person he prefers to you, I doubt not but before you leave it, you will satisfy yourself what 'tis he merits from you—All, and more, *cry'd she*, than my Resentment can inflict, and if it be as your Messenger inform'd me, by all that's sacred I'll— She was going to make some rash Protestation, when Monsieur *de Valier* stopp'd her Mouth; Hold, Madam! *interrupted he*, I must not suffer you to give way to Passion, till you are ascertain'd you have cause for it— *Anger* sometimes blinds the



*Reason*; and as this Lady avows her Hate to Monsieur de l'Amye, 'tis not impossible but that she may have been mistaken, and has been led to credit something more than the Truth of him she is willing should be found guilty. This hinder'd the enrag'd Wife from saying any more, till Mademoiselle Douxmourie recounting the manner by which she had made the Discovery, which she illustrated with abundance of aggravating Circumstances, made her relapse into her former Fury—She was then for breaking open the Door upon them; tearing them to pieces, exposing them to the whole World, seem'd too little to satisfy the Wrong—She vented the Passion she was in with so much Vehemence, that she who had rais'd it, endeavour'd to abate it—Madam, said she, 'tis not impossible, but in such a House as this, there may be Back-ways; which, if there be, this shameful Pair are, doubtless, but too well acquainted with: and should your Voice discover you are here, or any force be used to get Entrance, before that can be done, they may perhaps escape, and disappoint our Aim—I, therefore, wou'd advise you to be patient till the Morning, which now is near at hand; and when either of them opens the Door, which one of my Servants shall diligently guard, we will all be ready to rush in upon them—This Method of proceeding receiv'd a general Approbation; and Madam de l'Amye did all she cou'd to suppress the Violence of her Indignation at present, that it might fall more heavy on the Persons who had caus'd it;

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it; for she resolv'd in her own Mind never to forgive, or live with her Husband more.

THE Lovers, who had pass'd their Time in as great, tho' different Anxieties, having at last fix'd on a Place to go to, thought it most proper to leave that they were in, before Day-break; and accordingly Mounſieur *de l'Amye* rose, and opening the Door to call the Hostler to get his Horse ready, was surpriz'd to find himself, as he was stepping back into the Chamber, push'd violently in by a rush of People who follow'd him: The Candles they had in their Hands, immediately inform'd him who they were. As confus'd as he was, he had Presence enough of Mind to run towards the Bed, where he thought to defend his dear *Lasselia* from their View, or die to expiate the Disgrace she must suffer for his sake; but that unfortunate Lady, hearing a Noise, had rais'd herself in her bed to see what 'twas: which when she did, Surprise, and Shame, and Fear, took away her Senses so far, as to deprive her of any Thought in what manner she shou'd conceal herself; and sat still, stupid and motionless, expos'd to every body in the Room—"Tis hard to say whether the Fury of Madam *de l'Amye*, or the Wonder that she and all her Companions were in, was greatest, when they found it was *Lasselia* with whom he had transgress'd—nor cou'd either of them surpass that which *de l'Amye* felt, to see *Douxmourie* with them: He no longer doubted by whom he had

had been betray'd, and not answering the Invectives which his Wife pour'd out upon him, he utter'd as many against that *She-Devil*, for that was the only Name he vouchsafed to call her by. While all were in this Confusion, *Mademoiselle de Valier*, having a little recover'd that Confusion the sight of *Lasselia* had occasion'd, having a tender Friendship for her, went towards the Bed with a design to have spoke to her, when the undone Fair, just then waking, as it were, from that Absence of Mind she had been in, into a Sense of the Shame to which she was expos'd, starting suddenly from the Posture she had been in, and catching *Monsieur de l'Amye's* Sword, which lay on a Table by the bed-side, was about to end her Life, and the Infamy that attended it: it was the good fortune of that sincere Friend to prevent this Act of Desperation from being accomplish'd; but the *Attempt* put the whole Company into so great a Consternation, as was of excellent Service to the silencing their Clamours. *De l'Amye*, tho' he was ready to fly into his Charmer's Arms, and chase away her Despair by a thousand soft Endearments, yet he ow'd too much to his Wife, to give her so provoking an Instance before her Face, that she was but the second in his Esteem—but the Pain he endured in this Restraint, took from him all Inclination to continue his Reproaches to *Mademoiselle Douxmourie*; and he stood speechless, and seem'd lost in Thought, as did his Wife; who, tho' extremely fiery and passionate, had a great deal of Good-Nature,



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Nature, and so manifest a Proof of her Rival's Penitence and Despair, wrought on her so far, as to engage her Pity—and she thought, if that wou'd make her easy, she cou'd forgive the Wrong she had done her, provided she wou'd never more repeat it. Monsieur de Valier, who had watch'd the Abatement of her Rage, perceiving her Looks were very much softened, beg'd her to withdraw with him a Moment into another Room; to which she having consented, he laid so many Arguments before her, how infinitely better it would be to hush up this Affair, than to make herself and Husband, as well as the Person who had injur'd her, the Chat of the whole Country; that she at last consented, on condition she wou'd immediately retire into a Monastery, thereby to put it out even of her own power to wrong her more—Having obtain'd thus much from her, he endeavour'd to bring *de l'Amye* to consent; and was labouring a long time before he cou'd prevail on him but to promise an eternal Separation: but the Remonstrance the other made him, how he was indebted to his Wife for almost every thing he was possess'd of; her Love, her Faithfulness to him, her Good-nature, her condescending Temper, making an Allowance for that one Foible, Jealousy, won so far on his Gratitude, join'd to the Reflection, how impossible it wou'd be for him to keep the possession of *Lasselia*; believing, not without Reason, that if the Discovery of what had happen'd, shou'd reach the Ear of Madam de Montespan, as in all probability it wou'd, she

she wou'd take effectual Measures to prevent his coming near her: all this put together, oblig'd him to an unwilling yielding to what was propos'd. While Monsieur de Valier was thus employ'd with the Wife and Husband, his Lady, who had taken the Hint privately from him, was no less busy with *Lasselia*; she had a double Task to reconcile that distress'd Lady at once to the Thoughts of Life, and quitting the Conversation of her beloved *de l'Amie*; but the Power her experienc'd Friendship had given her over her, enforcing the strong Reasons she made use of, in a little time work'd their desired Effect, and this Affair ended vastly different from what the beginning promis'd. The malicious *Douxmourie*, was the only Person vex'd at it—as for *de l'Amie*, tho' he never ceas'd to think of *Lasselia* with a Tenderness which cou'd not but be attended with some melancholy Reflections; yet the Temper of his Wife, who, after this, took double Care to make herself agreeable to him, by degrees, made him grow more chearful. *Lasselia*, who, as she had promis'd, went directly to a Convent, strengthen'd by the good Advice of Mademoiselle de Valier, who frequently visited her, and the religious Conversation of the holy Maids she was among, in time was wean'd from those sensual Delights she had before too much indulg'd herself in, and became an Example of Piety even to those who never had swerv'd from it.

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